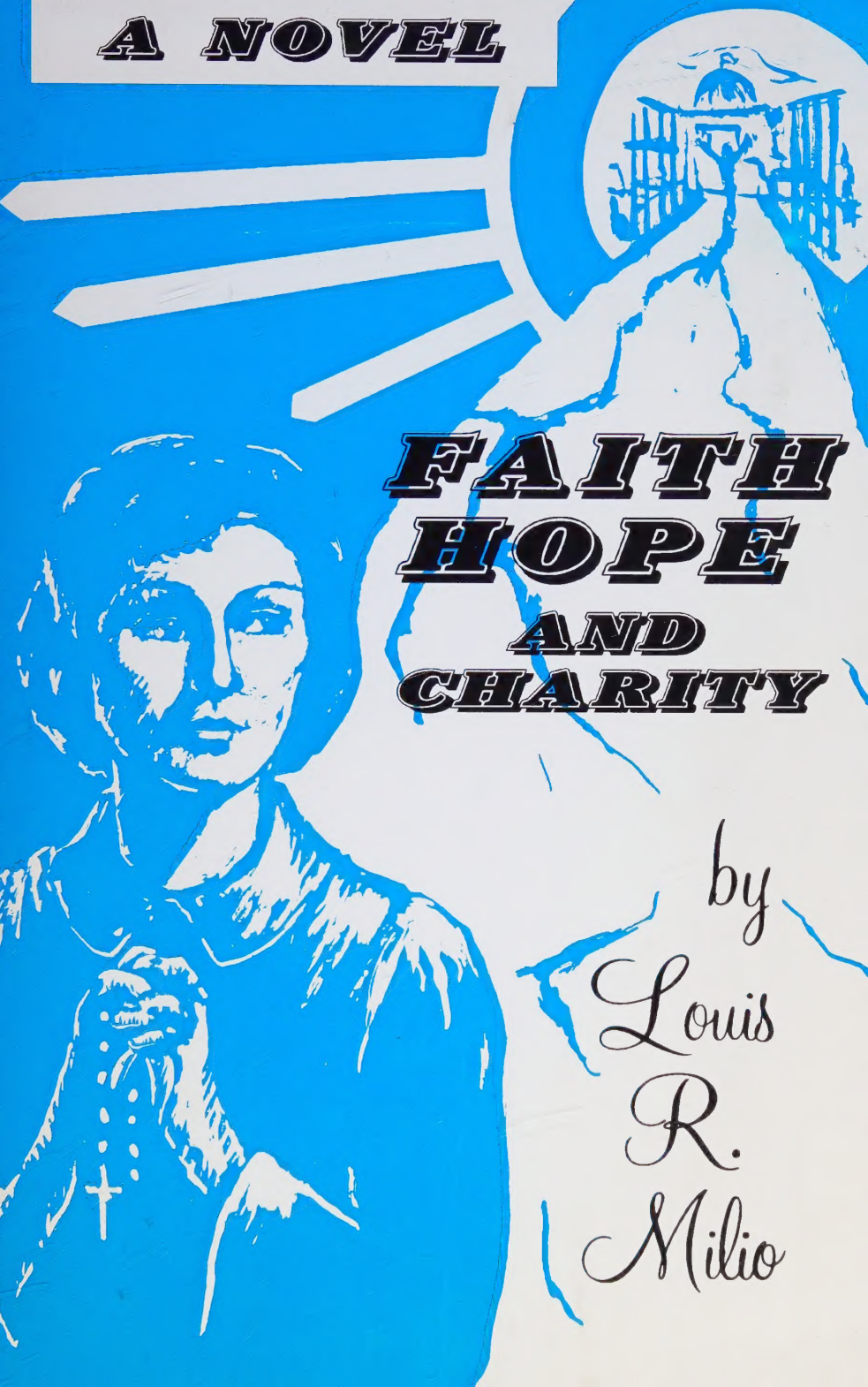
A NOVEL



FAITH HOPE AND CHARITY

by Louis R. Milio

A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL

"Faith, Hope, and Charity"

by Louis R. Milio, LL.D.

Maryland Author

A Swiftly-Paced and Compelling Novelette with a Deep Spiritual Message

"FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY" is the dramatic life story of Father Luigi DiBattista, a transplanted minister of God in America, and his courageous struggle for human righteousness against crime, sex and corruption of his time.

From the luxurious country estate of Count Zvonar in pre-Revolutionary Russia to the raw and rapidly growing purlieus of a leading city in Arkansas is a far cry, but within the framework of these two divergent cultures and unrelated places, the author has woven a strange and unusual story of hidden identities, cross-purposes and dramatic events.

"FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY" is a well-written, swiftly-paced and compelling literary work. Its leading character, Father DiBattista, one of the missing sons of the benevolent, far-sighted but Czar-exiled nobles of the Russian Court, cuts an unforgettable figure and becomes a one-man crusader against evil and corruption.

Humane, dedicated to good works and zealous to translate his verbal mission into deeds, the kindly priest takes an adamant stand against the forces of political corruption which he finds in his Arkansas parish.

When Father Luigi, as State Prison Chaplain, tries to wring mercy from the coldblooded, contemptuous Governor Stewart in the O'Dougherty murder case, his intercession breaks open the baffling mystery surrounding the identity of the leading characters and brings the story to its surprising climax.

The author, incisive in his portrayal of die-hard American politicians presents a graphic word picture of those unswerving conformists to "party-politics" and machine tactics. He captures the true lineaments of several human types against several differing milieux. His characters, pitched to reality, move vividly and authentically.

"FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY" is a winning, captivating, wise and gracious novel not only in its surface movement but in the spiritual message it imparts regarding life's unending chain of strange circumstances.

cover designed by Norma M. Svejda

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

To

my beloved Mother, Father and Brother

LOUIS R. MILIO

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

VIRTUE HOUSE, Publishers, Baltimore, Maryland 21205

With the exception of historical persons and places named, any similarity to persons, living or dead, or actual locations is purely coincidental.

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Louis Romolo Milio

Baltimore, Maryland

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ROYAL RUSSIA

PART I

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground."
—Alexander Pope

The beautiful villa of Count Alexander Zvonar was a vast estate of one thousand acres—a spacious area covered with profuse shrubbery and colorful flowers. The garden contained a gracious fountain whose waters gushed from a bronze statue of a naked little boy. So huge was the fountain that a rowboat could circle around the ornamental figure. Upon an immense stone foundation rested the Count's home, which was an elegant, white marble, three-story building containing many large rooms artistically designed and decorated. Entrance to the property was made through a high gate. Once inside, one could ride completely around the chateau. The inside of the mansion was filled with splendor. It contained French and Italian furniture, although the

Venetian mode prevailed. Its walls were draped with tapestries of rare beauty and high value. Large, exquisite chandeliers adorned and rounded out the richness and majesty of the stately home. In addition, the drawing-room, the dining room, the halls, the library and the Count's study were unusually expansive.

This so-called farm had a barn, quarters for the carriages, and homes for the caretakers and their families. Upon the estate were a variety of animals. They included horses, chickens, dogs, cats and cows. Much of the ground was used for raising various crops: peas, potatoes, beans and other vegetables. There were forest and wheat lands, too. Far removed from the property was the next estate.

The villa, that's what it really was, was often the center of gay and pleasant gatherings. The nobles who lived in the charming place entertained extensively on occasion. Many of their friends would come and stay since there were many guest-rooms. And they were made welcome by their gracious hosts.

Twenty minutes away from the Zvonar Estate, under picturesque minaret and mosque-type buildings, stands the famous city which was built by Peter the Great, Czar of Russia. He became the ruler in 1682 together with his brother Ivan. Peter was a fine soldier and devoted himself to the reorganization and recognition of his military services. Of course, shipbuilding having been his special study, he was most anxious to improve the navy of his country. In 1696, he declared war on Turkey and, three years later, on Sweden, when he was defeated at Navarre by Charles XII. He married Catherine, the wife of a Swedish soldier, who eventually succeeded him as Catherine the First. It was in 1703 that he founded the great city, which bears his name—Saint Petersburg. He died in 1725.

In that city stands the statue of Peter the Great. Petro-

grad, also known as St. Petersburg, (and today as Leningrad) was the great seaport and famous center of commerce and industry. It was the known capital of the Russian Empire at one time—"a window on Europe," as it was so often referred to and described.

The architecture is dominated by a religious theme. The building tops are like small, round spheres with little points affixed to them. Being the center of the national government, Petrograd naturally was the place of great celebration and culture. With men-at-arms, particularly military officials in dashing uniforms, and women dressed in gracious evening gowns, balls and parties were numerous.

Life in this great city revolved around the nobles, the intellectuals and people of wealth. The only enjoyment for the poor was to gaze with wonder upon the carriages as they rolled by, driven by the capable hands of horsemen who were strong and handsome in appearance. The carriages made their way to the leading halls of the gay entertainment world.

This was the setting of the great city in its full splendor. The church bells rang out in the still air. It was a pleasant cool night. Both the stars and the moon were bright with enchantment. The coachmen were driving the carriages down the main lane to the Grand Emperor's Ball. They passed the beautiful churches and government buildings on the way. From the distance came the sound of music from the Royal Orchestra. A garden of beautiful flowers in full bloom appeared as the horse-drawn vehicle rolled into the courtyard. Sentinels watched, as the handsome lieutenant in his army best checked invitations at the gate entrance. He saluted as the guests passed upon their way. The men looked handsome, the women beautiful! The lovely ladies and their escorts alighted and entered the great palace. Again, they received the military salute. This time it was

from the royal doorman as they swept through the main ball-room door.

The Czar was dancing with the charming Duchess Olga. The Czarina, resplendent in gleaming jewels, smiled and talked to various aides of the Court as she greeted her subjects. His Majesty saw the couple as they entered the ballroom. He bowed to them and smiled; the guests lowered their heads to the gracious lady he held in his arms. Czar Nicholas wore the uniform of an army officer. His chest was covered with glittering medals. He stopped dancing and extended his hand to his cousin, Count Alexander Zvonar. He bowed profoundly to the Countess. "My what a pleasure," the Emperor said. "It is our duty to be here, Sire," replied the Count. The musical number had finished, and the Monarch and the guests moved forward to the dining room. Greetings were exchanged.

They met the lovable Czarina. Of course, there was much handshaking since many prominent nobles were in ready attendance. As the evening progressed, good spirits prevailed. The Count danced with the Czarina and the Czar with the Countess Helena. During one of the dances, the Czarina begged the Count to go out to the terrace. She insisted on telling him something important. The music played in the background as the couple slowly moved out to the balcony.

"Your Majesty, you will be missed," said the Count.

"It makes no difference," she quietly answered. "I must have someone in whom I can confide, and, Alex, that person is you!"

The Czar watched from inside. He was not very happy. As he watched, he saw his handsome cousin kiss his wife's right hand. His thoughts were confused and mixed, but one idea prevailed. The Czar tried to fathom why his own cousin was standing with the Czarina. It was neither proper

nor protocol. It was a scene more fitting for romance and rendezvous.

The Czarina saw him watching and urged the Czar to join them. He did, but expressed his indignation by remonstrating with the Count. "What is the meaning of this, Count?" he asked. "Is not your wife charming enough for you, my dear cousin, Alex!" Both the Count and the Czarina tried to explain, but the Czar would not listen to their reasons for meeting in good faith. His mind was made up.

All of them realized that the gathering awaited them; none, of course, wanted a scene. They joined the party again. The Czar whispered to his wife, as they danced, "We will discuss this incident in the morning." The Czarina tried to explain again but the ruler refused to hear an explanation. During the remainder of the evening the atmosphere was not pleasant. Within the hearts of these people was sorrow, but they made believe they were having an enjoyable social affair.

Early the next morning, the guests began to leave. The Czar and his cousin Alexander were not speaking to each other now. The Count and his wife politely bade farewell to their royal hosts and departed in their carriage. They were eager to return to their well-known estate. The evening would have been very enjoyable for them had it not been for the episode with the Czarina. The Count regretted its having happened. Count Zvonar explained the situation to his wife as they drove home. Countess Zvonar agreed with her husband that the King was wrong. She suggested that he visit the Czar the next day to clear up the matter. The Count had already made an appointment with the Czarina; however, he had said nothing to his wife. He, in turn, feared that she might become jealous also.

The following morning, Count Zvonar made his way to

the palace and was immediately ushered into the Czarina's apartment. He kissed the gracious lady's hand. She was dressed in her morning robe, a Japanese kimono, which was transparent but most fitting to her elegant body.

They talked at length. They discussed how the Czar had been enraged because of the occurrence. The Czarina told her cousin that Nicholas was up early, which was quite unusual. "He came here and argued with me," she said. She continued telling her cousin about the Czar's strange behavior. As they spoke, the Emperor left the palace. He told his horsemen to ride to the Count's estate. When he arrived, he met the Countess. The respective parties, the Czar and the Countess, the Count and the Czarina, carried on their alleged rendezvous for some time.

The Czar became jealous of the Count and the Count of the monarch. An innocent happening, the royal lackeys had changed it into an unfortunate situation. The house spies and tale-carriers of both men told of these clandestine meetings. One day the Czar made up his mind to punish his cousin. He had conferred with Rasputin, his chief court adviser, and was going to send him to Siberia. The Czar ordered one of his aides to seek the Count. When Count Zvonar received the message, he was thunderstruck. He said nothing to his wife but prepared to face his ruler. He realized what was in store for him.

The Count was announced in the Czar's throne-room. The Count stood for twenty minutes until he could not take any more of his ruler's verbal rebuke. He could not restrain himself; his patience was exhausted. He leaped at the throne, exclaiming, "You dirty beast! You're nothing but a coward. I'll kill you for this!"

"Quickly, guards, seize him," cried the Czar.

The Count answered, "If you were a man, you would stand up like a man, but you're corrupt and cruel. It is no

wonder that all Russia is against you, you fool. Do not you understand that revolution is at your door? Not romance! I love the Czarina as a queen, not a woman. I have a woman of my own. If you do not act fast, you will have nothing, not even her. That is what your wife and I have been attempting to tell you. You will neither be together long as man and wife nor as rulers. You will be dead. I wanted to warn you of these conditions, therefore, I interceded with Her Royal Highness. You would not listen to me directly, so I thought the best way to get the message to you was through the Czarina!" In a strong voice he continued, "I wanted to warn her of the dangers all royalists were in, including myself and family. The danger is at hand! The Bolsheviks are out for our necks. You must give the people liberty and a parliament to give them a voice in the government, if it is not already too late. The Bolsheviks will use your stubbornness as propaganda against us. Do not listen any longer to that mad Red Monk, Rasputin. Czar, I beg of you, I beg of you," the Count pleaded with his cousin. "I go now. I am ready for Siberia, since I have no other choice. Perhaps, the Bolsheviks will not get there as quickly as they will here. I only pray that you will act like your kind grandfather, Alexander."

"Take him away," the Czar responded.

The Count was taken down to the torture chamber and stripped to the waist. A veteran of rugged living, his was a perfect physique. His body was tense as he stood erect before the whipping post. Whips were placed in the hands of the regular torturers—men of seasoned iron muscles who performed their heartless task. Count Zvonar, of the Royal House, was beaten unmercifully.

There was widespread political injustice. Man was a serf of the Czar. Citizens had no voice in the operation of the government. Count Zvonar understood the status and prob-

lems of the people. He wanted to help them and at the same time serve his monarch, who did not realize how critical conditions were and that his doom was imminent. Most members of the court were hypocrites, lacking the experience of Zvonar in relationship with common man.

The Mad Monk was self-confident, hot-tempered, and vicious. He was the adviser to the throne. Any recommendation he made, generally determined the destiny of the country. He was the most outspoken member of the Czar's court.

Count Zvonar loved to pick flowers in his beautiful garden. He was a handsome person, and though amply endowed with wealth, he was not a nobleman in the true sense of the word, according to his friends. He was an idealist and opposed the cruel treatment of the masses. He had travelled far over the large nation and had seen much misery and discomfort among the people. The standards of living were low and the Russians were growing restless. Often, he had warned the Czar. Nothing was done to improve the economic, social or political desires of the citizens. Therefore, the field was becoming fertile for rabble-rousers and revolutionists. The Czar neither appreciated, nor did he want, his cousin's advice. He was made jealous of him, and therefore, suspicious of his motives.

As morning broke, the Red Monk, Rasputin, read the reports of the previous night. He laughed with joy at the misery of his fellow-citizens. "Twenty hanged from the lamp posts, Your Majesty. Thirty confined to prison, and ten lashed until the blood ran from their good-for-nothing bodies. These people were arrested on suspicion of attempting to harm the Crown, and for being out on the streets after the curfew hour."

"I want our friend, Count Zvonar, to be given an addi-

tional ten lashes for being discourteous to the Czarina," the monarch ordered.

"With pleasure, and as you command, Your Highness," replied the evil adviser.

"Your Majesty, your skillful manner of disposing of your cousin, Alexander, is commendable," said Rasputin.

"Quiet!" shouted Nicholas.

"But, Sire, he was your greatest political enemy, and what is more, Your Majesty, he is very popular with the people you know."

"And quite ambitious, too," replied Nicholas.

"Exactly," the monk quickly remarked, and went on, "Not only was he trying to rob the throne, Sire, but you."

The monarch said nothing, but looked at the wicked monk. Then suddenly he said, "For a man of God, indeed, you know much of the evils of the Devil!"

"How well spoken, Majesty. God is everywhere," asserted the royal monk, and then excused himself from the room.

Beyond the palace gates among the proud Cossacks riding horseback down a narrow trail, the Count was on his way to Siberia. It had rained the night before. The men said little. The soldiers were moody, as well as their prisoner. A feeling of guilt prevailed among the men. They, too, knew Count Zvonar. They realized that the man they were taking to Siberia was a friend. He was leader of the Czar's Royal Army, a military hero as well as a political leader. The soldiers knew the truth, but they could not do anything. The Count thought of the ingratitudes shown him. "Could they not allow me to escape?" he thought to himself. His prayers were answered when they reached a short bend in the road. The captain of the group hit his lieutenant in the jaw and caused him to be knocked from his horse. It was

known that the lieutenant was not trustworthy. "Go, my friend. Go, Count Zvonar," said the captain. "We know you too well. We love and respect you, since most of us have served under you in the army. This fate you do not deserve, Sir. We love the Czar, but we would rather be shot than take you where you do not belong."

The men assented by lowering their heads. Some of them had tears in their eyes; all of them, now, had peace in their hearts. They had planned to do this during the night when they would camp for rest. The only one who did not know of the "escape" was the lieutenant who was now lying on the ground. The Count thanked the men. He embraced the captain.

"Men," he said, "our Czar is going to need you. Defend him and the royal family with your lives. I regret I cannot be with you. Captain, I entrust you to get a message to the Countess. Tell her to meet me with the children in Vienna."

As they parted, the Count waved farewell to the sturdy group of men whose loyalty had spared him imprisonment and possible death.

"What about him?" asked one of the men looking down at the lieutenant.

"Well, we ought to throw him over the cliff. He might talk!" exclaimed the captain. Then he paused for a moment and went on. "All right, let us take him along. He did not see or hear anything anyhow. We will make it two good deeds instead of one for the day. Let us go, men. We have seen enough of Siberia!"

True to Count Zvonar's prediction, the revolution occurred. The Czar and his family were taken prisoners, and later, as is well known, were massacred by the revolutionists. The Russian nation had transformed from a ruthless monarchy to a despotic dictatorship. Of course, too, the Countess Zvonar, a royalist, was in danger of her life. Seeking

help for herself and her small children, the Countess sent in secret for three close friends of the family.

Signor Giovanni DiBattista, an Italian from Rome, representing the Marconi Company in Russia, was a short, jovial, stocky man. His mission was to get the Czar to establish wireless or radio stations throughout his country. Sir George Alexander, an Englishman, was another business man representing various commercial enterprises. John F. Brady was an American civil engineer who was working on the development of railroads in the vast nation.

"Signor DiBattista, Sir Alexander and Mr. Brady, you must help me and my children," the Countess pleaded with the foreigners. While she spoke of the fate of her children, they were sound asleep in their nursery not realizing that they were in any danger. The Countess spoke in a low, nervous voice explaining that she did not care what happened to her, now that her husband was gone, but pleaded for her remaining loved ones.

Emotionally, Signor DiBattista responded, "My dear, have no fear. We are here to assist you."

The other two nodded in approval. There was a moment of silence and then the Countess expressed her gratitude. The American asked, "What about you, Countess?" She looked straight into their eyes saying slowly,

"I do not know, and it does not matter now." Turning away, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

Sir Alexander interrupted. "I suggest we devise a plan for their escape to Vienna."

"Fine," replied Signor DiBattista.

Sir Alexander went on to explain the scheme and said it would be madness if they had to take the babies to Austria.

"That will be all right," said Mr. Brady and went on, "we'll each take one of them."

That evening, the Countess prepared to get the children

ready, as well as herself, for the final departure, which was to take place that very same night. Before the appointed hour, however, three masked men entered the residence.

They seized the children and began to flee. As the Countess attempted to stop them, she received a blow at the hands of one of the men. As she fell to the floor, another, also, attempted to strike her but was restrained by the other, who ordered the Countess to put on a shawl and follow them. As they opened the front door to leave, one of the masked men hit the Bolshevik guard over the head with the butt of his gun and knocked him senseless. The guard had been placed there to watch such royalists and their homes, who would later be killed for not being useful to the State and the new regime. They quickly ran to an awaiting carriage, which swiftly drove into the darkness. Only the shadows of trees could be seen against the background of moonlit sky. One of the men whispered, "Countess, have no fear, we made it! When we entered the mansion, one of the Bolshevik guards thought we were comrades but tomorrow he'll know different, especially when he awakens. Now we must hurry so that the second and more important phase of our plan is accomplished."

"We knocked you to the floor and caused all the commotion so as not to make the guard suspicious," the Countess was told by Sir Alexander, as they travelled through the night.

"You must pardon us for the rough treatment."

"Thank you, dear Signor DiBattista, Sir Alexander and Mr. Brady. How can I ever repay you? You've endangered your lives to save my sons and me," the Countess said. "The Zvonars are forever in your debt!" And with that she wept for joy.

By prearrangement, a small ship of the cruiser type was on the Danube River, waiting to take the Countess to

Vienna. Of course, they had to travel far, over many roads, before reaching the place of departure.

Vienna was once the Roman garrison town of Vindobona. It became the capital of the Duchy of Austria in 1137 and the center of the Hapsburg Empire in the 14th Century. It was besieged by the Turks in the 15th and 16th centuries. Here was the chief residence, for example, of the Empress Maria Theresa, who greatly embellished the city long famous for its gracious beauty, culture and charm. The Congress which resettled the continent of Europe after the Napoleonic War was held here. Vienna, the city of gay life, wonderful music, especially light operettas, and dancing had now become the new home of the exiled Countess Helena, who had retained but few possessions. To her, this lovable city was cold, since her heart was filled with grief and deep sorrow. She was alone. However, it was better than being caught by the Bolsheviks who would have tormented, tortured and, eventually, killed them. Her children had been taken by her rescuers. She had refused to leave Vienna, hoping that her husband might some day reach there as he had promised. Her sons and husband were gone. One son was in Italy; one in England; one in America; and the Count—she could only pray that he was alive.

The Countess was reduced to utter poverty. News of her husband's death reached her and at the same time the last of her poor and new-found friends left for the New World.

To earn a few pennies, she began to sell apples in front of the famous Vienna Opera House. And, many times as she listened to the waltzes, she thought of her dear and growing children far away.

Signor DiBattista was back in Rome reporting to his superior, Guglielmo Marconi, the world-renowned scientist, the "father of radio" and trail-blazer of electronic wonders, who was now concerned with direct technical and

commercial reports upon his immortal invention. Marconi had always advocated that science should be at the service of mankind and not used towards its destruction. He refused to reveal scientific secrets which would have led to such an end.

Dr. Marconi listened attentively as his representative told of conditions in Russia. It was then that the Signor recounted the story of the Russian Civil War and the effect that it had upon the royalists, especially the Countess and her family, and of the child which he had brought to Rome —the Eternal City.

Dr. Marconi sat back in his chair, listened and understood that if his assistant were to be sent far away, he could not care for his new responsibility. "We will have him placed in an orphanage here. I will write a letter to Monsignore Manzetti at the Vatican. And, if the child so wishes, when the time comes, I will provide for an education in whatever field he may desire." Signor DiBattista gleamed with pride and joy! He was happy that his chief approved of what he had done. The infant child was taken into the orphanage and raised under the eyes of the religious, who were to bring him closer and nearer to God.

The youth grew to manhood and became a close friend of the great human benefactor.

Dr. Marconi tried to persuade him to enter the business and scientific world but he chose the priesthood instead. He was known as Father Luigi DiBattista when ordained and what a proud day it was!

He, having learned the English language during his seminary studies, the Church authorities thought it wise to send him to America to spread the Faith and Mission of Christ in the New World. His superiors told him:

"We have much to do in America. Many Italian immigrants who are loyal to the Church lack the proper spiritual

guidance to remain within the flock. Since they are in a new and strange land they are beginning to lose their faith and contact with the Holy Mother, The Church. Your mission is to serve and save them for Christ!"

FATHER LUIGI AND GOVERNOR STEWART

PART II

Padre Luigi DiBattista left Naples, and the day arrived when the young priest, who had read of such pioneers in the vineyard of God—Don Giovanni Bosco, the great Mother Cabrini, and the number of original Spanish Missioners in the West who were Italians—felt he could contribute a little to the growth of his Church and to the salvation of souls in a new land. He was not looking for fame or fortune, which the Marconi Company, now the Radio Corporation of America, could have given him. He was only eager to fulfill his God-given mission of helping others to believe.

The field was fertile here in America at the turn of the century. Thousands of immigrants had come to these shores from everywhere on the globe, including Italy. They flocked to the populated areas, living in crowded and poor tenement houses. Mulberry Street of New York became known as "Little Italy" and soon similar communities sprang up in various other large cities. The so-called "Mafia" crime-gang and bad social conditions caused seri-

ous problems for the new arrivals as well as the communities in which they lived. Lack of complete spiritual responsibility, faulty English, a different culture, and contempt which others displayed towards the so-called "Wops" and "Dagos" made their lives difficult. The immigrants had to resort to the most menial means in order to earn their living, such as ditch-digging and heavy manual work. Some became ice-men, others became cooks, and still others, unfortunately, entered the life of crime.

Here Father Luigi was going to be like the famous Bishop John Baptist Scalabrini of Piacenza, Italy, often referred to as the "Father of the Italian Immigrant." The church-man official was beloved because he would graciously give of his own possessions to the poor and needy.

The Bishop's visit and talk with the then President of the United States, the colorful Theodore Roosevelt, resulted in the better treatment of Italian immigrants at the turn of the 19th Century.

Father Luigi was aware that the first Italian parish church in America was Saint Joachim, established in 1888, in New York City. But his was now relatively virgin and strange territory—the South.

The priest was willing to meet his latest burden of living, working and sacrificing to service his Church, its members and God Almighty. When the new missionary saw the Statue of Liberty for the first time, tears filled his eyes. He had arrived in America where he was to labor.

Father DiBattista was sent to an Italian parish in the interior of Arkansas. There, he found that some of the parish members were actually indifferent to religion. Of course, he realized that this was a cosmopolitan community. Therefore, there was much unwarranted, bitter prejudice and resentment among the various people.

The countrymen of the Father's home-land had lost the

color of sunny Italy. They no longer had the mellowness and warmth that is usually inherent in Italians. He was concerned about his people, who had come to this southern part of the country to till the soil in an Italian home-like climate. Here was a true picture of misery and poverty. How was he to fulfill his mission of administering to his followers under such trying circumstances, he wondered to himself.

The Ozark Mountain tops are covered with extensive forests intercepted by brooks and flower beds. The wonderland of the state was splendid with nature's sunlight and the chant of birds. The climate was warm and healthy. The capital city, Little Rock, is quaint and provincial. The town is noted for its well-paved streets, attractive but antiquated churches, and an old-time public building which once served as Territorial and State Capitol. Of course, there are newer buildings, too.

Attorney Martin Hildebrandt, a worker for good, kept a diary of all the things which he had seen during a political campaign tour which, although extensive, was both instructive and interesting. He used much of the material in political debates with his opponent, including the time when he saved a man's life. It happened in a small, country village known as Cartersville. Anthony Marks was a melancholy youth who gambled and was found hanging in a barn on his stepfather's farm. There was no reason to doubt that he had committed suicide. However, a bad and unfortunate rumor started in town. People were accusing the farmer-stepfather, a Mr. Ford, of having murdered the boy whom he was known to have mistreated.

Farmer Ford was brought to trial and subsequently found guilty of murder. False witness was given against him and it looked hopeless until Hildebrandt "interfered." He aroused the public through the press, which forced the gov-

ernor to act. Of course, the governor of the state, Stewart, realized the injustice and a new trial proved Ford innocent. Politically, naturally, this was a "feather" in Hildebrandt's cap, which Stewart did not appreciate. Hildebrandt even got the state to pay the farmer a sum of money through the legislature because of the unfortunate ordeal.

Hildebrandt knew how to talk to people, not only in English, but in foreign languages as well. He had been a captain and interpreter in the Army. He was immensely popular with the nationality groups, and this made Stewart jealous. Hildebrandt feared nothing. He was governed by a sense of morality. Hildebrandt was subtly described as a wastrel by Stewart and his understudies. Like Horace Greeley, he wondered whether he was running for the Presidency or the penitentiary. Hildebrandt was against high taxes and the corrupt and wasteful administration of Governor Stewart. Stewart offered many of his enemy's followers bribes in the way of jobs and contracts. Thus, Hildebrandt was unsuccessful as a political candidate in opposition to the mighty governor.

Stewart saw to it that Hildebrandt's credit was stopped by the local banks; his politically picked judges gave him a hard time. Soon, his clients were few and far between. In addition, Stewart had Hildebrandt investigated to see if he could find something improper in his life. He discredited him in every way and stopped him politically. He wanted the people to reject their spokesman. Finally, he succeeded in breaking him. He had some of his political "boys" in the District Attorney's office bring Hildebrandt before the Grand Jury where he was indicted on a trumped-up charge. He was swiftly tried and sentenced.

Hildebrandt was thrown into jail where he had to shovel coal, eat the dirtiest food and drink dish water to satisfy his thirst, together with the rest of the prisoners.

When the news of Hildebrandt's fate reached the vocal priest, Father Luigi told the governor off. "You are like the Roman Emperor, Caligula, who first ruled with generosity and mercy. Afterwards, he became a vicious and insane tyrant. He squandered the fortune his uncle had left him, banished or murdered his relatives, enjoyed having people tortured and killed while he dined, and declared himself a god! He had temples erected and sacrifices burned in his honor. He was assassinated by officers in his own guard. If you do not watch yourself, Stewart, that's what is going to happen to you!"

The priest went on. "Stewart, your private life is your own. Your loose living is definitely improper. You go out with all kinds of women. It is a disgrace to your office. Decent people are concerned with your indifference to the citizens who pay your salary and keep you in office."

The local newspaper *The Independent Herald* was openly campaigning against Stewart. It charged him with being a political dictator unworthy of public trust, confidence and election, and even accused him of adultery.

Father Luigi, on the other hand, naturally, was a man of goodness and noted for his modesty. He was the associate of many learned and influential contemporaries. All respected him. For example, Jacob Bernhardt, the owner of the local general country store, had made the first contribution to the Church when he originally arrived as pastor. The Jewish business man became one of Father Luigi's strongest backers and dearest friends.

The Catholic clergyman could have been an Abbe, a tutor or chaplain in some Italian military army or naval unit. Yet he chose to work as an ordinary priest in a large country among all types of people. America was a wonderful place for him in which to exercise his mission. There were many prospects for God and His Church.

Firm and bold, Father proved no voice crying in the wilderness like St. John. When his church conducted a carnival, he was like the Abbot of Joy, or an officer who presided over games at the Feast of the Ass, which was a French institution of medieval times. He was a forceful orator, and his sermons were most impressive.

"Sixteen thousand men were massacred at the hands of Abd-el-Krim, an Arab leader in a war, and one can be in your homes, your very own. Yes, 'what would it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loseth his soul?' " the pastor would inquire of his congregation. "Even Christ had an impostor. Abdias of Babylon posed as a disciple of the Lord and told the wildest tales and foolishness about him," Father explained, and went on.

"Listen, my friends, do not be another impostor. Not only believe in good things, but do good things. Man must have faith, like the Hebrew youth Abednego, who with his companions was cast into a burning furnace alive by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylonia, for refusing to worship one of his idols. Be not a heretic! Or else you will have to repent like Pierre Abélard who had to burn his writings with his own hands. And do not be foolish like the Abelites, who were so convinced of the doctrine of original sin, that they would not bear children."

While the Catholic priest often pointed out in sermons and lectures the importance of obedience to law and order, he would always say that good children are the product of good homes; and parents had a grave responsibility in bringing children into the world, since they must provide for them not only material things but spiritual and moral values, which are so necessary in molding their characters for the future. He was a colorful person. How he loved to tell the stories of tribulations as well as humorous incidents

concerning Italian immigrants especially when they first came to these shores.

There were also accounts of the Italians who came to this country to make a new life. Working the hard way, these people had, indeed, come a long way. Today, they are respected members of all communities, he proudly would explain.

The Catholic priest would tell interesting parables to all who would listen, as he went forth and preached the word of God. He did not fear contradiction, since what he spoke he truly believed. "You cannot chastise or condemn one nationality or one group because there might be one bad egg or apple among them," he would often say. "Surely, we Italians have had our share of those who have gone afoul of the law. Many times those criminals came about because of the lack of understanding and compassion generally from individuals in the community. However, on the whole, the American people have been most kind, helpful and considerate, not only with the Italian-born but with all national groups. And most 'Americans All—Immigrants All' have availed themselves of these opportunities for a better and happier nation. Of course, there have been cases of unfounded prejudice over the years, but with the changing times, the general attitude has been toward amelioration and for all people."

Father Luigi was a clergyman who stood for human rights. To him, a man was not judged by the color of his skin or the church he attended. Many who contributed to the upkeep of his little parish were not of the Roman Catholic faith. Father Luigi, as he was affectionately called for short, was also a diplomat. He knew how to stimulate all groups together for the common good.

He often visited the prison and became comforter to the

inmates. It was an antiquated building over one hundred years old, musty and dirty. The conditions were abominable. Inmates were brutally beaten into submission against their will. Sexual relations between inmates, the older and more wicked compelling the younger, was not an exceptional thing. The food which they ate was slop. Soup tasted like dish water. Such meals, naturally, lacked vitamins or substance. The meat was smelly; the bread hard and moldy. It was food that one would not even feed to animals let alone humans. The place was poorly lighted, not ventilated, and the heating was improper. Regimentation of the inmates was worse than in a concentration camp. The Warden was a brutal, retired Army colonel. Every word, whether to lawyers or prisoners, was followed by "Damn," "God damn," and "son-of-a bitch." If an inmate, who appeared before him made but one slip of the tongue, or an improper physical movement, he was demoted according to his report. There was a Board of Correction and a Director of Parole and Probation, but these men were too concerned with fattening their own selfish greed rather than carrying out their tasks assigned by law—tasks which should have been tempered with human-kindness and consideration. The prison was far from an ideal penal institution. It was actually a "House of Terror."

The institution had a real dungeon, a room which was known as solitary confinement. When a man talked back to a guard or acted improperly, he went there to eat and remained in complete darkness with bread and water, for a length of time. It was inconceivable that such a place could exist. The medical doctor, the dentist, the nurse and the psychiatrist came only when they pleased. Parole and probation for some of the men was out of the question, since they had never even been given the right to be heard. More

letters were rejected by the censors than were mailed. Father Luigi, as newly appointed prison chaplain, was now aware of these terrible, generally unknown conditions.

From this environment came the men who were expected to take their places in society once more. It was little wonder that they left with feelings of hate, desperation, and a grudge against society. Because of such conditions, these men returned into society to shoot, plunder, kill and rape again. Their lives had been destroyed with no sense of pride preserved, no rehabilitation planned. The only thing that these men did not have was the iron ball and chain of medieval day. It was a typical prison—a site which from the outside appeared entirely normal; a place where the priest would go to administer the sacraments and recite Mass. In such surroundings, boy and man lived together. A teen-age boy, who was a first offender, and a man who might have been a hardened criminal, shared the same atmosphere. The boy might have been fourteen and the man forty. Society, of course, did not know or care.

The inmates insisted that they were not criminals at heart but that strange circumstances of life brought about their confinement. Some could not understand how even their very own families had abandoned them.

Naturally, the slightest kind act on anyone's part was returned with eternal gratitude from the recipient behind the prison walls. Letters are often addressed to the Director of Parole, since his recommendation is highly considered for clemency by the governor. His replies were anxiously awaited. They were generally in the negative.

Father Luigi not only heard the spiritual confessions of the prisoners, but other personal problems as well. One lamented about his wife, who was sentenced in a joint crime venture; another asked for help in obtaining a job, home and sponsor, since his forthcoming release was conditioned

upon such necessities. Nearly every man wanted to be reunited with his family. All promised to do right by society and insisted they had learned their lessons.

In politics everyone must agree, whether right or wrong, else such a person does not remain. This was the impression the men behind the prison-walls shared. They thought the entire administrative board, including parole and probation, was corrupt. They were treated like abandoned dogs, and were victims of every inhumane act, from having their eye-glasses confiscated to having their cells ransacked for secret letters.

The prisoners could not understand the machinery of parole and probation. They felt that favoritism existed and that the officials played with human emotions.

The men would complain that parties involved in the same offense, even ring-leaders, were released while others were made to serve full terms. They went on writing to anyone who would listen. While the governor was not bound by the Parole Commissioner, his political appointee, he invariably followed his recommendation.

They told Father Luigi their mail was trifled with by the "front office" as well as destroyed, delayed or returned to the senders after copies were made. One man claimed he was cursed and punished by the guards for writing letters which implied injustices were being committed against him and his fellow prisoners. His letters were confiscated. "Sneak mail," which is correspondence sent without censorship, resulted in heavy punishment for the offender.

The prisoners claimed they had been turned into psychopaths by the penal authorities.

The plight of an inmate after release was a most difficult one. As a result, many returned to prison. While out, they had to take any odd jobs from people in their neighborhoods. A steady job was hard to obtain and hold, once their

criminal records were revealed. In order to exist, they had to return to their only way of living—crime. They begged for peace of mind and the rights to which they were entitled.

Their thoughts were always centered upon freedom. The majority of the prisoners felt that most guards and prison officials had "no right to authority" since they were cruel, heartless and abusive.

These men, who had almost lost faith in human nature, remain eternally grateful for efforts on their behalf, whether they won or lost. Commutation or pardon of sentence was rare. Naturally, they were disappointed when they were turned down.

At Christmas time, the St. Vincent de Paul Society of the Catholic Church and the Protestant Churches would put on shows and other forms of entertainment at the penitentiary. The men were herded into the hall where a Santa Claus would give them candy and make things a little brighter for them. In contrast to the way they lived during the rest of the year, it was a treat. Within the walls of this great prison was much sorrow. In addition to the mental hardships these men endured, meditating and pondering over the wrongs which they had done, there was the ominous fact that society had neglected them completely and left them to live like beasts. Many of them would rather have died for their crimes.

Father Luigi understood conditions. He knew that a "public exposé" would do little or nothing. Since the press was generally afraid and the politicians, naturally, unconcerned, Father Luigi knew well if he was too vocal in his opposition to the governor that he would probably be removed as Prison Chaplain. He had grown to know the men and the men had learned to respect him. They admired the kind priest, who could give them nothing of

the little things of life other than cigarettes and candy, but the greater things for eternity—the spiritual guidance and moral nourishment which are so necessary when men are left behind high walls separated from a cruel, unyielding world.

To hardened murderers, he would tell of the crucifixion of the Lord. He comforted them by telling them they could return to God and He would receive them, despite their sins.

He helped to save men from execution merely with the stroke of his pen. The vanquished and the poor sought and received his assistance. Father would visit, in addition to the prisons, the sick and afflicted in their homes as well as those in hospitals. He had become a great missionary, a modern example of Padre Don Bosco or the earlier Saint Francis. He listened with compassion to the stories and the pleas of prisoners and their loved ones and friends, especially, and if by chance he believed that there had been a miscarriage of justice, he personally took the case to the Parole Board, as well as to the governor.

Father Luigi had played an important role in the struggle and life of the State. When his counterpart, Reverend P. Bandini, in 1898, first came to America to establish a little parish church at Tontitown, Arkansas, near the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway, the people had burned it down, since they had no liking for Catholics, especially when they were Italians. The Italians of that little community had to flee for safety with their priest. The town was named in honor of Enrico Tonti, an Italian, who accompanied the French explorer, La Salle. Together, they founded the Arkansas Post in 1686, which was of great historical significance. It was the first military fort and white man's colony in the Southwest of the North American continent. Today, Father Luigi found himself Chaplain

of the penal institution of a great state. He lived in a palatial rectory in comparison with the small house used for lodging by Padre Bandini. He was respected by all, regardless of faith, and held the admiration of the people about him. Oh! yes, the priest could have returned to Rome and become a Professor of Philosophy on any theological subject, and, too, a Monsignore. Instead, the good priest remained here. While his handsome black hair was becoming tinted with sparkling silver gray, his features still reflected his youthful vigor. He had not only the admiration of the people about him but the love of the children, who would run up to him as he walked the streets. He was always on the go, even when time permitted his joining the youths at sports and games. Often, Father Luigi pleaded with the staunch governor. The most predominant request was for the reprieve of a man he believed to be innocent. Once he said, "Governor, everyone knows how you have reached this high public office. Only through the spoils and toils of corrupt politics are you in this exalted position." The blood rushed to the governor's head. His face reddened and he tightened his jaw. He thought, if he could only strike the priest down, but he realized that such action would be dangerous against a religious man. The priest went on:

"Truly, you have the background to hold this office. You are qualified but you are one who has not won upon his merits; rather, you are here by intrigue. Because you could fool the public, you are the chief executive. Why is it that you can be so heartless when you have taken the oath upon the Holy Bible? As I plead for the life of a man, you do not listen. Your fellow-man, your human brother is no concern to you. Remember, Stewart, you look the oath to uphold the laws of this land for all—rich or

poor—to protect the innocent and to care for all of the people, well or vanquished."

"Listen, here, Father," said Stewart, "your duty is to look after the spiritual needs of the people. You do your work and I'll tend to mine. And if you don't like it, I'll kick you out of your job as prison chaplain. You must remember, Father, this man has been convicted by a Court of Law, and it is not my responsibility to save him from death. If he's got to die on the gallows, he's got to die!"

The priest was still adamant. "Remember, Governor, I take orders from the Pontiff in Rome. You realize the repercussions which would come from the newspapers if you would get rid of me! You would be ruined politically, and if I know you, Stewart, you play dirty politics. But, you and your petty politicians wouldn't make such a move. You'd be ashamed of getting rid of a poor priest. You'd crawl on your knees asking me for forgiveness. Oh, I know not for me, personally, but because of this robe which I wear and what it represents."

"Remember, Father, I've proven I don't want to lose my patience with you."

"Remember, Governor, I've spent many years in this land. I intend to die here, fulfilling my mission, which is the service of God. And that includes those who are unfortunate. I want to see that men who are innocent are not punished. You know, Governor, that, for example, you have this fellow Hildebrandt in prison merely because he was your strongest political enemy; and let me assure you that you'll pardon him. This has been a trick—a deliberate plot to send an innocent man to prison merely because of political differences. If it takes every ounce of energy in my body, this will come to an end, because when the press gets started, you cheap politicians will be afraid.

Adverse publicity and continuous letters of protest from the citizens will begin to flow, and you'll come to terms."

The priest realized that this was an unusual way to talk to the chief executive of the state. But he had no fear.

The life of a politician is an unusual one. Father Luigi knew that Stewart was on the go constantly trying to make believe he was helping people at one time and getting elected at another. The governor was not the usual "poor boy made good" type. In fact, Stewart had an excellent background. He had attended the best institutions of learning and had been graduated with honors. His political career was one of continued success at the polls. His good fortune in politics stemmed from Assistant District Attorney at the age of twenty-five to the youngest Chief Executive of his State.

Of course, he was the product of a corrupt political machine, which he served faithfully, at least at the beginning. Political discipline was a prerequisite for patronage. Boss Johnny Curtain had made him governor and was always behind the scenes until Stewart abandoned him.

His administration had been subjected to constant criticisms. The newspapers, at first, investigated and advocated reforms, but Stewart ruled with an iron hand. His administration was a "reign of terror." The citizens were afraid to talk. The only real opposition was being voiced by Father Luigi. The politicians, if they wished, could have used force, but they were afraid to. The appointment of grafters and criminals to important jobs was in the open.

"All well and good but I'd like to assure you," the governor interrupted.

"Now, look, Stewart," the Father continued, "I came to see you in the evening, so that you couldn't tell me you were busy with the affairs of state. I am here on a very important mission, and I've got to get my points

across. I could tell you of Caesar and Napoleon and all the rest of the emperors of ancient and medieval days, but I want to give you something that is more or less contemporary. Remember, Stewart, this is not Russia. We're in America! Peter fell because he was unpopular; Catherine for her improper conduct, although her court was one of the most brilliant in Europe. While she came to power by an uprising, she had declared the principle of armed-neutrality. This woman politician had tact and her influence was unlimited. True, she was brutal, and her jealous rivals of love would die for her wishes, since they would mysteriously disappear after she got tired of them. As I have indicated, Stewart, her personal life was one of sin. People looked at their leader. They had nothing to grasp. There was a vacuum."

"Now, look, Father," said the governor, "I'm not a Russian but an American. Why are you telling me about Russian history? What difference does it make whether she was good or bad?"

"Stewart, it's about time you learned something. You're not as smart as you think. Listen, perhaps you can use this material in a speech some day. Isn't it better for me to tell you than the press?"

"How could this hurt me?" the governor asked.

"Now just a minute. Even though Catherine made liberal expenditures of money, was a patron of art and letters, and an advocate of neutrality, she was doomed at the end," the priest went on. "Transforming villages into cities, as well as having counts and barons woo and dine her, were part of this wicked woman's plans. Her reforms of justice, sanitation, establishment of military, naval and elementary schools, the building of canals and fortresses, befriending of artists and scientists abroad, made her reign unique. Her ambitions brought about many accomplishments in

her country and she gave a new prestige to Russia. No longer was she or her nation to be disregarded.

"Oh, but it's not enough to give material things to a community. You've got to give it faith, courage, wisdom, determination, and last but not least, love. You have not given this state that sincerity of purpose, Stewart. All the buildings and all the improvements mean nothing. The restoration of moral responsibility is paramount. It means more than anything else!"

Father Luigi went on and spoke of other leaders who had endeavored to do something good for the Russians.

"Most of them, however, were enjoying the luxuries and the spoils of the people; they were too busy entertaining. They had more concern for their own happiness rather than the welfare of the country. They were living in splendor. They were interested in their wine, women and songs. They had become indifferent; were squanderers of the government. Count Zvonar tried to warn them. I do not have to tell you about the downfall of the Russian monarchy. And yet, this man who was of great eloquence was like a voice crying in the wilderness. This same nobleman who had pleaded time and time again at the feet of the Czar to save someone from the gallows, torture or the firing squad, was well-recognizd as a man of greatness—the leader of men. He knew that conditions as they existed had to be corrected, otherwise, the Bolsheviks would use such poor living standards to enflame the masses, which they did. The Czar was stern; since his father had been assassinated, he took vengeance upon the whole people. Little did he realize that soon the entire royal family would be massacred and the nation freed from his tyrannical yoke. The Countess had to flee to Austria. She went to Vienna. First, with a little money, which she had been able to take, she managed; later, when her funds

were exhausted, she had to scrub floors and sell apples on the street in front of the Opera House, in order to live. Her children, three little sons, were left to destiny—in the hands of three foreign friends."

As they sat, Stewart said, "Why, Father, do you tell me all this? I don't understand," he interrupted.

"You will," the clergyman replied.

The dispensing of justice in the state was in many ways corrupt; many people only came in contact with the lowest branch of the Law, which was administered by the politically guided Magistrate Court. Stewart was a typical politician. He was afraid to fight Father Luigi who was too well known. With a potent priest in the right, he could not take any chances. Like Machiavelli, Governor Stewart ruled with the paramount thought that the "end justified the means." His politically so-called "Judges," since he would appoint them, rendered legal decisions to further his wicked machine.

Stewart was a husky man with a pleasing personality, but he had come to disregard that which was morally right and legally correct. It was most difficult to understand how a man with such background could fall into this type of personal as well as public bad conduct. His domination of the state was solid. For the sake of being chief executive of his state, he had sold both his individual and political soul.

The governor was eccentric and vindictive, especially toward those who crossed his political path. But, being a brilliant speaker, he could sway the crowds. Here is an example:

"This is your Governor, Allen P. Stewart, commenting.

"Today, we are living in a fast world. A great period of confusion confronts the minds of many people. War, high prices, corruption in government, together with the many

individual home and social matters cause an anxious society to try to find the answers to all these complex problems.

"The purpose of my talk is to take some of the subject matters that make up our news, and discuss them from the 'man-in-the-street viewpoint.' Then, I shall take historical facts and interpret them in the light of present-day events so as to better equip mankind for the future.

"For instance, we may well draw upon the life of that colorful President, Grover Cleveland, who undoubtedly was a man far before his time. Few people knew that President Cleveland was actually a man of great human endurance and perseverance. He would not have others do what he himself could not do. Once, when as sheriff in a country-town, he found it necessary to execute a criminal, Grover Cleveland himself was the executioner. He did so, not from a sadistic point of view, but because he had to see justice carried out and fulfill his public trust as an officer of the law.

"In these trying days, men's minds are filled with thoughts of destruction, new inventions, and continual national striving to outdo other nations. Correctly, good folks turn to men of peace who have given mankind the greatest gifts. Long forgotten are the men of war, but always to be remembered are those of the calibre of Thomas Edison, Abraham Lincoln, Stephen Foster, William Shakespeare, and Guglielmo Marconi; yes, even the poor forgotten inventor of the simple instrument of the kitchen—the potato peeler—ranks much higher in our estimation of greatness than all the war lords of the world past, present and yet to come. The latter, we pray not.

"Oh, my friends, the heroes whom we have seemly forgotten and to whom we owe so much remain. As long as the melodious music of composers like Beethoven, Verdi and Strauss re-echo through our world and fill the souls

of men with lightness and their hearts with happiness—so long shall we remember them.

"To say that Christopher Columbus is a forgotten man would be to say that America was never to be explored. Scorned and ridiculed by the philosophers of his age, Columbus set out upon a mission—one which he himself did not realize was to be so important.

"We live today in the land which he discovered. But he, who gave so much, was rewarded by chains and imprisonment. There were those about him who were jealous and desirous of undoing his fine work. These selfish individuals, who could not foresee the good to be accomplished by Columbus's deeds, went back to the Crown of Spain and falsely told of his design to establish himself as king. In our daily lives, jealousy, hatred, and contempt for others, whom we see progressing, is probably the great cause of so much human misunderstanding today. Perhaps, you will consider this talk more of a sermon than an address; but, were it possible for one-millionth of the world to preach a sermon and to have the remaining populace listen and adhere to the words of that one-millionth, who could deny that peace would then be a permanent establishment in our world?

"November is the month of falling leaves and other signs of approaching winter. We see the world dying, bringing to mind that one outstanding fact that no one can escape—all must die. Where the soil of the farm has been turned, there must it lose its wealth of minerals and die until resurrected by some new life.

"How often does the soul of men die? But does it always have an awakening? The cause of ill-will during these times is a lack of prayer—the lack of family prayer and unity."

The governor, in addition to his many such activities, initiated a Boy Scout troop and Cubs group, and often led them in parades.

He also conducted courses during the evenings in the local school hall on courtship and marriage for young couples, which sessions were extremely well-attended. He brought working and business men together in his Labor Club. There they voiced their opinions regarding the controversial relationship between labor and management.

His critic, Father Luigi, had but only one unfulfilled ambition—to write his book. His many duties and wide interests made it impossible for him to get further than the first chapter.

Through his stories to the children, he relived his life in Italy. He told them of Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini, the beloved and immortal nun, now a Saint, first sent to this country to care for Italian immigrants.

In a typical sermon, he would say, "It is difficult to preach for money when your parishioners had none or little. You know, as well as I do, when the first Italian immigrants came to these shores, they worked in humble jobs to build the skyscrapers of our great metropolitan cities. Look about you, my beloved friends in Christ. In the city of New York there are Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations, for example, which claimed the lives of many whose names ended in 'a,' 'o' and the other vowels. The immigrants of yesterday did their share to mold and form the America of today. All played their part in changing towns into cities and cities into metropolises. Of course, you have it easier now. You study to be doctors, lawyers, pharmacists, and engineers. You go away to colleges and are making your mark. Some of you will go into politics and government. Perhaps, one of you may become a judge, mayor, governor, or senator, and, even someday, maybe one of you will be President. We Latins are no better than any other people, but no worse. We've been around a long time. Friends, while I was attending the seminary, we did not

have movies. All these bits of knowledge, which I am trying to impart to you, I had to get out of books."

After religious services, his parishioners would say to him, "Father, they can't keep a fighter down. The people of this state will never forget what you have done for them. Remember the time Governor Stewart fired Frank Kelly from the Roads Commission?"

"Yes, dear ones, Frank Kelly, even with such an Irish name was not a member of the Faith, although it was immaterial to the issue. He was Chairman of the Commission when he found certain things were wrong and tried to bring them out into the open for correction. So, what did the governor do? Without any official notice, or personal act of courtesy, he fired him. Such action was uncalled for. No, folks, as you go through life, remember honesty is the best policy. Crime and corruption are bad partners. I hope none of you, especially you young ones, ever get the idea it is smarter to make easy money and disregard the advice of your parents and teachers. I knew before the whole thing was over, Governor Stewart would be in great personal and political trouble. He's pulled this trick on other good men besides Kelly. He tries to purge public officials if they do not listen to him. He's been in power so long he's beginning to think he's a king. He forgets if I make up my mind and enlighten the people that he'd have to find a new home, and I am afraid it might break his heart, since he is so certain of re-election. As I have often told you, the only things which are certain in life are death and taxes. Let me say this much to you. The Bible tells you, as I have said before, 'What profit a man if he gaineth the whole world and loseth his soul?' I am speaking the truth when I say that the governor of our state has made an unholy alliance with corrupt gangsters and racketeers. Such men should be behind bars. I have tried to get our governor to come to his senses; he

will not listen. I am afraid it is too late, but I think the time is coming when he will learn his lesson.

"Friends, always think of your soul, since our stay upon this earth is only temporary while eternity is everlasting. As one of my professors once said to me, 'Assuming that there was no hereafter, or even if there were no God, as some would have you believe, living up to the precepts of your religion is a good thing. Religion does not teach you to be bad; it teaches you to do good. And, as the beloved, first North American Saint, Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini, said, 'Sanctity does not consist of doing great and conspicuous things, but in doing well all that Jesus desires of us.' "

There was the time when Father Luigi conducted a crusade against excessive loan charges. He was able to prove through actual experience, since he disguised himself and went to one of the finance institutions seeking a loan. Father Luigi was turned down by the loan shark. He had told him he was unemployed and the man replied, "Mister, we don't make loans to jobless men." Father learned that their dealings were with those with limited educations. They preyed upon the ignorant, the little people, but those who had steady employment.

"But what of a strike?" asked the crusading priest. "Suppose they get sick?" he went on.

"Oh, well," came the reply, "we'll always see to it that we get out with our money, since we never make a loan without security."

"Now wait a minute," said Father Luigi in his incognito guise. "You say you never make a loan without a signature and security."

"That's right."

"Well, then, how do you explain this advertisement?

Isn't that false? It says 'Loans on your signature alone,'" the priest retorted.

"That's true. We put those ads in the paper, and we make those loans once in a while," the loan operator answered.

"Once in a while," Father repeated.

"Yes," came the answer.

"I believe most of the time you put those advertisements in the paper to entice the people to come in and, once they do come in, you have them, mortgage their property, furniture and automobiles, and then charge them exorbitant interest," Father went on.

"Oh, no," said the loan man. "We don't do those things. We are a legitimate company."

"I see. We'll find out how legitimate you are. I'm going to conduct a drive to investigate your money-lending outfits."

Soon the promised investigation was under way. Father Luigi brought the matter up before the State Banking Commission and was able to get all of the records of such institutions and companies and show that only one or two loans had been made upon signatures alone, and then only because they happened to have been very personal friends of the manager of the lending concerns involved.

"Beyond a doubt," said Father Luigi, "we proved that these sharks were using fraudulent, misleading advertising to entice people to come into their places of business."

Many of them were found guilty. Their licenses were suspended. Of course, repeated efforts were made to have them reinstated, but the fighting Father Luigi was always there to block such efforts. This action was only one of the many ways in which the American-Italian priest battled for the things he believed to be right and in so doing endeared himself to the community.

Parish folks talked about, for example, the case of Mrs. Fox, a woman who had raised a son, and did not want to impose upon him for help, since he was a member of the Fire Department and she did not want to worry him.

"Father," she would say, "he climbs those long ladders and I am afraid that if I tell him I am hungry and in need of money for medicines, he might become excited, make a misstep and then what would become of his family?"

Father Luigi did his best to comfort the aging woman, who had nowhere to turn. She had gone to the Welfare Department but was told nothing could be done for her. Several years ago, she had sold her home and had received a considerable amount of money. However, the old woman was not accustomed to keeping records and failed to prove the money she had received went towards repaying her son, who had loaned her money when she first purchased their house. The remainder of it had gone towards caring for her ailing husband for three and a half years. Expenses were for medical doctors, medicines, and the funeral. Now, she had nothing. Old, penniless, she pleaded and begged to have a meagre existence. The defending priest took up her cause and soon the Welfare Department officials changed their attitude entirely, since they knew that he would not intercede unless there was validity and truth to the claimant's story.

When taxes were raised affecting many little people in his community, he took up the cry.

"High taxes are not good for the people, especially when they are not getting results." He complained about the broken street beds, dark alleys and the lack of parks.

"Our children," he said, "have to play in the streets when they should be playing in parks and playgrounds. Yet, their mothers and fathers are paying sufficient and even higher taxes!"

The politicians tried to have him transferred to another state. There were even rumors to the effect that they talked to the Archbishop about his conduct. He did not confine his activities to the Church. He believed that religion had to be practiced as well as preached. His work was to comfort the sick, console those in sorrow, soothe those who had lost loved ones, visit prisons, help the poor and aid all deserving persons who came to his door. He was a living saint. Everyone loved him—Catholics, Protestants and Jews alike. Why even Mrs. Lil Janpee, a devout Protestant, had Father as one of her customers. She was a widow who had to wash and iron clothes for a living. She also looked after the church linens.

Father Luigi knew how to laugh, as well as cry, with people. When he preached, his sermons were outstanding and greatly appreciated by his listeners. He would receive lecture invitations through the mail; many of them he had to refuse because of lack of time, but he was always engaged in some activity to promote good. He was a source of inspiration to those with whom he came in contact.

In America, he had helped to establish churches, schools, convents and rectories. He even worked in overalls with construction men, as he helped them to build. In the rectory yard, he made a little grotto to the Blessed Virgin with his own hands and the help of the older boys of the parish parochial school. He brought many converts into the Church. His catechism lessons, classes, as he called them, in the privacy of the rectory, were often well attended by many non-Catholics. Father Luigi served on many committees to promote tolerance. "The essence of life is living as well as thinking. Both must go hand in hand. Both must work together. We must live to think, and think to live," were often quoted expressions of his.

Many felt that had he not taken up the work of God,

he could have gone far in the political world. He would have made an outstanding public official.

The priest often argued that materialism was the thing for which men lived. "They did not put sufficient stress on spiritual or moral obligations," said Father Luigi.

"Unless mankind returns to the precepts of Christ and the things which are moral, materialism only will be part of man's empty life, since the vacuum is there unfilled. We are living in a fast world. People are not left alone to think for themselves. Man should have respect for those who are secluded in deep thinking, since they must have quiet in order to think problems out. Disturbing, annoying, distracting one is only diverting a person from reaching an intelligent and proper conclusion. Lincoln did his greatest work in his hours of seclusion; and, so, people today should find time to retreat regularly to an isolated spot and think for themselves. The trouble with most people is that they do not think for themselves, and, therefore, are easily led into doing things which they would not otherwise do." The Father recommends that people devote themselves to reading, since it broadens the mind and makes possible for one to travel to the far corners of the globe without leaving one's sitting room, he would point out.

"Truly, the author of a good book, the composer of a masterpiece of music, and the architect of a beautiful structure enhance the richness of our lives. Each one had an inspiration, concept, and vision. In many ways they build by similar patterns. The most valuable contributions of these worth-while things are that they become a versatile component and functional part of the thinking processes in the lives of their readers, users, and benefactors. It is amazing, too, how a keen sense of humor is an aid in coping with and overcoming problems. Incidentally, did you ever stop to think to what degree laughter and a sense of

humor are true dynamic attributes of a democracy?" he asked. "I urge that each of you dedicate an important part of your life as a crusader to perpetuate our priceless heritage and traditions of the past. Make service to others your ideal. If you do so, you will have rich lives. Note, my dear friends, the trend of government among European nations is toward national social democracy. The alternative lies between the extremes of dictatorial Communism or the *laissez-faire* of the capitalistic system. The people of these countries favor the principles of democracy but, added to this, they want a planned economy, with sufficient government supervision over the national income to provide an equal distribution of the national wealth. Many still want to return to the good old days of an unregulated economy. But this is wishful-thinking. Communism is not wanted by the people either, since they know, despite wonderful promises, their freedoms would be gone under such a system. What has wrought these radical ideas? Wars, global depression, mass unemployment, a spreading social consciousness, and upheavals. We are living in a world where there is not only the battling of men and nations but ideas as well. We must choose between a totalitarian state, like Russian Communism, a free economy like America, or a planned economy as in England. And, so our crusade is one for political guarantees as well as national survival. But, above all, we must not lose sight of the fact that spiritual security is the main objective for which man must live. Again, 'What profiteth a man if he gaineth the whole world and loseth his soul?' We must have peace of mind and soul before we can have assurance of body. In order to have such peace of heart and mind, therefore, we must save our souls. This is your challenge in a changing world. So, try your destiny with honest, unassuming sincerity, and you will learn that kindness, not recrimination or hostility, is

the key. The painting of Christ, the Lord, where the door is unfinished is proof that the key to the human heart must be opened from within and not on the outside. Remember, you must live with your conscience." These were some of the views Father often expressed.

Governor Stewart departed from his office, and after driving away, had his chauffeur stop his automobile in front of Lincoln Park. He entered the Park and sat on a lonely bench under a tree. His first thought was of Joyce Kilmer's famous poem, "Trees," and then he began to reminisce. "This is Lincoln Park." In the center was the statue of the "Great Emancipator." The governor well remembered the Lincoln stories, since he had spoken of the immortal President many times. He recalled, however, that Lincoln attributed everything he was to his dear mother. It was his stepmother, in fact. He never actually had known his real mother. "But neither have I," Stewart thought to himself. Here was a man who had ascended to the highest position in his state, yet he, too, had his moments of mental disillusion and depression. Most politicians who climb the ladder of success must go through the mill of sacrifice. They must ascend step by step, and sometimes face the bitter taste of defeat. Here was a governor who did not have to attend night school in order to obtain his education; nor did he have to have his wife work to help him get started in his law practice. Stewart had been schooled in the finest, favored by "all," elected with ease and had administered without interference.

The stories of Abraham Lincoln are many. The ones which did not play an important part in Stewart's heart were the ones concerning the granting of pardons. President Lincoln, having been asked to pardon a representative slave-trader, who had been sentenced to prison, answered the applicant, "My friend, if this man had been guilty of

the worst murder that can be conceived, I might, perhaps, have pardoned him. You know the weakness of my nature —always open to the appeals of repentance or of grief— and with such a touching letter and such recommendations, I could not resist. But any man who would go to Africa and snatch from a mother her children to sell them into indeterminable bondage merely for the sake of pecuniary gain shall never receive pardon from me."

On the other hand, when a friend asked of President Lincoln, a pardon for a technical deserter condemned to death, Lincoln replied, "Well, I think the boy can do a small good above ground rather than underground."

In response to a plea for the pardon of another condemned soldier, the President said, "Well, I don't believe it will do that boy any good to shoot him. Give me the pen."

He once pardoned twenty-four sentenced deserters at the same time. To a General, who declared that such mercy to the few was cruelty to the many, Lincoln replied, "There are already too many weeping widows in this country. For God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it."

And, in similar circumstances, he observed that some generals complained that he injured the discipline of the Army by granting so many pardons, adding, "It rests me after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life."

Lincoln wrote to Mrs. Bixby in Boston, Massachusetts, the now famous letter in surpassing English and his very own handwriting:

"Executive Mansion
Washington, D. C.
November 21st, 1864.
Dear Madam:
"I have been shown in the files of the War Department

a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of four sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic that they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. Lincoln."

As the sun was setting the governor continued to gaze at the statue of the martyred Chief Executive, and recalled to himself the Lincoln tales as told him by Father Luigi in past conversations and the civilized attitude toward human life shared by the great American President.

There was the story, for example, of the little girl who visited with the Civil War President. She was accompanied by an aged colored man who had been in the family service for years. He was old, bent and gray. It was a proud moment for a slave to meet the kind liberator.

She had gone to visit the President to plead for the life of her Rebel father, who had been captured and was to be executed. She was ushered into the room where the bearded President was seated.

Both of them, neatly dressed in their best, bowed courteously to the President. He told the little girl to come closer and sit on his hard, bony knee. The President sat back and relaxed but for a moment. "Little girl," he said, with a solemn expression, "the soldiers are dying on both sides.

The War is being fought between brothers, and they are not making any headway. Your coming here today will at least help to ease the heavy tension upon me. Can you sing for the President?" And the charming child began to sing "Polly Wolly Doodle." The President smiled and laughed. He enjoyed every moment of it. Then he said, "You do not know how happy you have made me, young lady. Happy that I can relax and enjoy the simplicity and beauty of an innocent child. The Bible says: 'Be like unto children and you will always be right.' It is young people like you, who are not embellished in the wickedness and in the desperation of life. You know only the good things. If only many people could live and believe in such a way there would be no war, and you, tiny one, would not have to be here pleading for the life of your father. Yes, my child, why should I deprive you of your Daddy. Aren't so many of them giving their last measure of devotion to their country? No, child, you do not have to worry. You're here to help your father, and I'm here to make you happy just like you have made me with your lovely song." And the pleased child hugged the President.

He beckoned to his secretary. "Let me have my pen," and with the stroke of his quill he wrote this message:

"Commandant of the Fort, by Order of the President—I direct the execution of John Meadow stayed. Signed, Abe Lincoln."

Tears ran down the cheeks of the colored man and he kissed the hand of the President. The President was content. Knowing that he had much work to do, the Negro visitor took his young mistress by the hand telling her, "Now, let us go. The President has much to do. He has been most kind." And together they turned and walked away. The President's face radiated as if it were the sun itself. When he could spare the life of a man, be he the most notorious

criminal, he was pleased. And when he could spare the life of a man and make a child so happy, there could be nothing more graitfying to this great man, who would later be immortalized in the pages of time as "Abe Lincoln—the Great Humanitarian." So, Father Luigi told of Lincoln, who both believed and had faith in man as well as God.

"Abe Lincoln probably was the greatest man that ever lived in the White House, since from poverty he went to the Presidency, and once he got there, he never lost sight of the fact that humanity could be served best by being human. He wasn't hard, cold and indifferent as are most men who are given the reins of power. On the contrary, Lincoln was flexible. Lincoln was compassionate. Lincoln was humane. If we could but take from the life of this great man the virtues of faith, which he believed and practiced, the world would be a better place. There was never a more God-fearing man who sat in the President's chair," the priest would explain to Stewart and urge him to be more like him. The governor rose to leave. He thought he had been dreaming.

Generally, Stewart was either too busy posing for pictures or visiting places other than public institutions. He was more concerned with women friends and social obligations. The state government was getting to be a position of personal pleasure rather than one of public trust, insofar as the governor was involved. Finally came Father Luigi's showdown with Governor Stewart. At the Governor's Mansion, Father Luigi was a frequent visitor. He told Stewart that the Commissioner of Parole had to go.

"Now, look, Father, who is running this state—you or I? What do you mean, the Parole Commissioner has got to go?" Governor Stewart asked.

"Stewart, that is just what I said. A man who readily says to a citizen, 'Forget that you are a priest . . . You can drop dead,' is not the proper person for so important a post. I

worried myself sick about these cases, which I brought to your attention but only to have them disregarded. You mean to tell me that you are going to sit there as governor and let these unfortunate conditions continue to go on in our various penal institutions. Men are being choked to death, practically going blind after the guards shoot tear-gas into their cells and nearly suffocate them. They are being mistreated in more ways than one. Stewart, what kind of a man are you?" Father Luigi asked.

He went on, "Are you going to have children—that's all they are—teen-agers—subjected to lashings and beatings for the slightest infraction of regulations? Are you going to have such juveniles placed in cold showers and have their heads stuck in toilets for punishment? Are you pleased in having rough-necks as wardens and institution heads? Look at your Parole Commissioner, Department of Correction and Warden down at the Penitentiary! What specimens of humanity are they? Why, the first time I went into the Warden's Office, he cussed like a sailor. Because he is a former colonel in the Army does not necessarily qualify him to be a warden. Do you not realize, Stewart, that these jobs ought to be handled by men with training, understanding and compassion? You are not dealing with a bunch of cattle; you just cannot treat these men, women, and children as packs of wild animals. They have a right to be considered as human beings. They are God's creatures. In the eyes of God, Stewart, they are your brothers and sisters, as well as mine. I am a priest of God and have a mission to serve all. Your purpose in life is also to serve Him. Because you are governor does not make you any better or higher than anyone else. But, in fact, it should make you more amiable to God than a lot of others, since in your hands the Law has placed certain authority. It is your duty to exercise those powers to the best of your ability diligently, honestly, faith-

fully, and courageously. When people bring problems to you, as I call these proper things to your attention, you have a moral obligation to do something about them!"

"Look, Father, how many times have you and I been talking about these matters?" the Governor asked, and went on, "I told you to tend to your duties as a priest, and I will tend to mine as—"

"What, Stewart, as a governor or cheap politician?" Father interrupted. "You know, Stewart, one of these days you are going to live to regret your attitude of indifference. You've been governor now for some time, having been re-elected by the biggest majority in the history of the state. Sure, you pride yourself on such a fact. You do not stop to realize you spent thousands of dollars in buying your elections. You do not stop to think of the number of people whom you've placed on the payroll, who are not necessary, in order to build up your political machine."

"Well, Father," drawled Stewart sarcastically, "with all of your knowledge of politics, it is a shame that you are not governor yourself. Of course, a priest doesn't have much power, does he?"

"Look, Stewart, a priest has the power to absolve sin."

"Oh, yes, I know. I know, spiritually, you have all the power, But, practically, you have none, do you?"

"Look, Stewart, if you are trying to be funny, I do not know what your game is, but how many times have I told you about the importance of spiritual salvation. Stewart, remember that some day we will all be judged by our Creator.

"You think you are riding high. You are on the crest of everything. You run for office and win. You make people jump at the snap of your fingers. You think you are Caesar himself. Remember, Stewart, 'He that liveth by the sword shall perish by it', and you, who are the mighty Stewart,

governor of our sovereign state, may some day live to regret your conduct and long remember the words of Father Luigi," the priest pointed out.

"Well, Father, I did not realize you were so serious about these matters but I am wondering what it all means. The way you act, you would think one of your own brothers was in one of those institutions. Sure, I know these things go on, but what can I do about them? What do you want me to do —set them all free?" Stewart retorted.

"No, Stewart, I'm not asking the impossible. I am asking you to appoint a Commission of prominent citizens and let them inquire into these matters. Have the Department of Correction meet regularly, not every six months. Let us get institutional heads who are men of high caliber, and not just political cronies of yours. Do you not see, Stewart, why even in your reform schools teachers have resigned in protest? In your penal institutions there have been riots. Can't you realize there is something wrong? A dog would not bark at nothing. Naturally, it is much easier to do things for people who can vote; however, because these poor souls cannot help you accomplish your political destiny, there is no reason why they should be forgotten! Remember, Stewart, it could have been you; it could be your brother, a relative, or a dear friend. And, doesn't it all mean anything to you?"

The governor stared at the priest and said nothing.

Father Luigi was a man of great endurance. He had capably handled the uprisings and rioting of the prisoners in the penal institutions throughout the state. Much commendation had been given him for his noble, worth-while efforts in this regard.

He believed his duty was to promote tolerance and understanding. He felt that these men behind prison walls deserved humane consideration. He was there to see to it that they got their just dues as human beings—being creatures

of God. And yet, he felt he was unsuccessful. Father Luigi thought he had lost the battle.

"Why should a dentist come only when he feels like it instead of at regular hours?" Father would ask himself. Why is it that a governor of the state, who is elected for four years, can never find time to visit the penal institutions? Why is it that these prisoners cannot have the benefit of proper medical attention? What is it when the state appropriates money for the running of these places that there is not enough food and clothing?

"Why is it that they must only have fifteen minutes of recreation, which is just a short stay in the open air?" About the only advantage the prisoners had was in having Father Luigi as a comforter and spokesman.

The clergyman did not absolutely condemn the prisoners for the rioting, which was going on throughout the state. He blamed the public officials and the apathy and indifference of the public. They failed to realize that these men's souls could not be destroyed. Although their bodies were beaten and weakened by cruel prison guards, whose mentality at times was far below the men they whipped, the prisoners wanted to live. Of course, the guards were grossly underpaid. Lack of any real system enabled almost any type of person to get a job as a guard. They were untrained men who resorted to all kinds of improper conduct, even peddling cigarettes and other small luxuries to the inmates at a premium price.

Father Luigi, in his desire to bring Christian conduct behind prison walls, dedicated his life to the hope that the day would come when someone would listen to his pleas. Every politician, who had attempted to oust him from this position of great spiritual importance, had failed to deter him. Somehow, the people rallied behind the good priest when it came to any personal attack upon him. They re-

spected him. However, they did not think he was correct when it came to prison reforms. It was felt that Father Luigi was too sentimental, emotional, and good-hearted in his efforts to do something for these men who had murdered, robbed, raped, attacked people and had committed every conceivable crime.

"No," said many folks, "Father Luigi is a wonderful person; he is a great priest but he is wrong when he wants to do more for those criminals. We are doing enough as it is. We are giving them clothing, shelter, and good food. What more do those jail-birds want? We have to work for our money to buy ours; the prisoners, however, do nothing but sleep and loaf. It's really not fair."

Little wonder that the inmates were apathetic when they were turned loose, knowing the state would give them nothing but a suit of clothes and two dollars. People refused to give them jobs because of their past criminal records. Many are the problems of a released prisoner. He has paid his debt to society but his past follows him wherever he goes. Does such a man really have a chance when he has served his time, and he is finally turned loose? Although, perhaps, physically free, a dreaded memory is with him forever.

Father Luigi believed that once an offender had served his time, and served it properly, the governor should exercise executive clemency and wipe out the record.

Now, the state found itself faced with prison rioting everywhere. Only the hard-working priest could save the day. As usual, when trouble occurred, he was called upon. He acted as arbitrator between the rioting prisoners and the authorities. He was able to get certain concessions from Stewart and his penal aides. But, there was still much room for improvement.

Everyone knew about the "battle" Father Luigi had had with the Parole Commissioner. The official was a lawyer,

with offices in the main commercial district of a main city. Father Luigi tried repeatedly to get hold of him, but to no avail, since he was either always busy conducting his own law practice on state time and appearing in the state capitol every two weeks to draw his check. Finally, the priest and the commissioner had it out—a hot and heavy argument. The Commissioner told the Churchman, "Father, I hate to say it, but as far as I am concerned, you can drop dead. I'm not going to do anything about your complaints. You are always griping about this state agency. You don't realize how hard I work at my job in order to get things moving and accomplished."

"Yes," replied Father Luigi, "you have been getting things done for a long time, and what kind of a parole system do we have? We have rioting in our prisons with men breaking and destroying thousands of dollars worth of property. Take the laundry room in the main penitentiary, for example. It has been destroyed to the tune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Is that the kind of parole system you are proud of?" the priest wanted to know.

"Well, Father, I have nothing to do with it. It is up to the Department of Correction, anyway."

"Yes," said Father Luigi, "and the Department of Correction is just as bad as your own. How often does the Department of Correction meet and when it does, what is discussed? When it visits these institutions, they are not surprise inspections but planned trips. Naturally, the wardens and heads of these places attempt to make things look favorable. The Board is given a big dinner, and then it, of course, okays everything. No, Commissioner, I do not agree with you. You boys are not doing all that is necessary. Visit the prisons and correctional institutions yourself, especially the ones where the juvenile offenders are sent. There for the slightest violation of regulations, the youths

are whipped! No, Commissioner, we cannot have such goings on and I intend to do something about it."

"Well, Father, you've been trying to do something for a long time and what have you accomplished? Of course, a lot of publicity has been accorded you. What are you trying to be, a Monsignor or something?"

"Now listen here, Commissioner. I've taken as much as I can. My promise and pledge to you is if I do nothing else, I am going to see to it that you are fired."

With such an abrupt statement, the priest left. Seldom did Father Luigi lose his patience, but this was one time when the Commissioner got under his skin.

"I may be a priest," he said to himself, "but I am human. I have got feelings and emotions. I see these terrible conditions and I can't do anything about them." The worried priest withdrew to his church where he knelt alone before God to pray.

"Oh God!" he said, "You yourself were a prisoner, betrayed by one of your own, and sentenced under a foreign power. You were condemned, spat upon, and crucified. Oh, Lord! help me and guide me in my work to relieve such terrible human misery. Let me find a way to bring these things to an end!"

As he went into his rectory study to read his evening newspaper, he saw the screaming headlines with the story of the bank-clerk who presumably had killed a woman. Patrick O'Dougherty, a clerk at the First National Bank, had been accused by the Grand Jury of murdering the young mother of two children. Her almost naked body was found in the bushes in one of the larger public parks; O'Dougherty was charged because he had been the last person seen with the dead woman, so the District Attorney alleged. The state would endeavor to prove all-out guilt on the part of the accused, according to the newspaper story.

Once again, Father Luigi visited the Governor's Mansion and spoke his mind.

"Stewart, either institute reforms or you will be a dead duck!"

"Well, Father, you talk like a Dead-End kid from New York's East Side or a Chicago mobster. For a Catholic priest to talk as you do is bad! You actually imply I should and will be killed."

"No, I do not believe so. In fact, I do not wish you harm. However, you will get yours just like anyone else. But, Stewart, you are a yellow politician. You could not stand up and fight honorably. When I say fight, I mean winning an honest election by facing and discussing issues and trying to get the people upon your own individual merits. You have never done so politically; you have always swung with the wind, double-crossed, triple-crossed, and used money to accomplish your victories. Politics justifies everything to you. 'The end justifies the means.' Stewart, your day of reckoning is coming."

"My dear Father, you remind me of Mary Jeane Pace. You know she always has been against me. In every campaign, Mary Jeane Pace, the civic leader, the woman who speaks her mind on the air, has despised me for the things I do and say. Yet, every time she endorses my opponent, I am assured thousands of votes, which I otherwise, probably, would not receive. And you, Father, as I have said continuously, would do well to confine your duties to the Church and leave politics to me. I am not as hard nor as cruel as you think," the governor explained.

"Now wait a minute, Stewart. You can give flowery speeches, quote the Bible, and talk about English literature, but you can't fool people like Mary Jeane Pace or me. She has called you a hypocrite because you want to make the people believe when you go into the Catholic Church you

are a Catholic; into a Protestant Church, you are a Protestant; and when you go into a Jewish synagogue, you say your mother was Jewish. Now, you know you are using God for political purposes. Yes, you have brought politics to a new low, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. If any man has got to answer before God, it is you; I have observed you and stood enough. Time and time again, I have said important things to you, but they mean nothing. Stewart, there is another election coming, and I am going to do all in my power to see you defeated so soundly it will not be funny. You have made a mockery out of honest American politics. Look around, even beneath this very window—you can practically see the disorderly houses, the wild night-clubs, the dives and the cheap pool-rooms with their crap-games. You are the Chief Executive, and what do you do? You shut your eyes to all this lust and sin. Someday, Stewart, I hope you will see the light and I trust I will be present. I am sorry to have to talk to you in this manner; however, I know that it is not only for the good of all the people of the state but for you as well. Think carefully of our many talks together and recall the events of history, such as the Revolution in Russia. Until I see you again, pray, reflect and reconsider," the priest said and departed.

THE PRISONER

PART III

Countess Zvonar, who had come to America after the death of her husband, wondered how she could dispose of the last two Christmas trees, when suddenly a shiny, black limousine pulled up to the curb. The door opened and out came a tall, robust man.

"Good evening, Madam. Seems as if you do not have too many trees to sell at this hour of the night."

"That is right, sir," she replied with a slight accent.

"Madam, you are not an American, are you?" he asked.

"No, sir," she answered.

"Yet, you speak English well," he said.

"Well, sir, I've studied some," she answered. It was most unusual for such a delicate and dignified looking woman to be selling Christmas trees, thought the governor to himself. "Indeed, it is a bit cold for you to be out on this windy corner so late. I need a tree and it will leave you with but one to sell. I doubt very much whether you can dispose of it. I tell you what I will do. I am going to buy both of them—one for you and one for me."

"I am sorry, sir," she replied, "I do not know—," and the tears began to run down her cheeks as she was unable to finish her sentence.

"What is the matter? Are you not content especially during this joyous season?" he injected.

"Sir, I have only been in Arkansas but a short time. I am unhappy. A friend of long ago asked me to visit her here. I was only dreaming, too, of finding my three lost sons," she explained.

"I will take you and your tree to your home," the governor asserted, "and promise to help you find them."

"Oh, no! That will not be necessary," she replied.

Of course, she could never imagine that her customer was Governor Stewart, the Chief Executive of the State, but he understood the polite lady to have been more than an ordinary street peddler, not that the latter was either dishonest or dishonorable.

"You see, Madam, I never had the good fortune of knowing either my mother or father, so when Christmas comes, I try to do as much in the way of charity as I can."

"Oh! that is kind of you, sir. I will let you have this tree for seventy-five cents instead of a dollar."

"Oh, no, you will not! I'm going to give you ten dollars for both of these trees and I will be glad, indeed, to take you home."

"No, sir. I am going to Mass."

"You are going to Mass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, as a matter of fact, so am I. Father Luigi generally invites me to attend Christmas Mass at his Church and I would be delighted to take you."

Not knowing to whom she had been talking, the woman was slightly bewildered. She was somewhat afraid to get into a dashing automobile with a man she scarcely knew.

"You have nothing to fear, Madam, I am the governor of the state. Your presence would honor me."

"The Governor! Oh, sir, I did not know. The governor of the state buying Christmas trees from me! What a strange world." And, indeed, it was unusual how they were brought together.

The Governor ordered his chauffeur to place the trees in the back of the vehicle and helped the frail little woman into the luxurious automobile. He noticed, as she settled herself, that she showed no amazement or wonder that she should be sitting in such surroundngs. Her attitude was, indeed, strange for a Christmas tree seller, he again thought to himself. He got in beside her and closed the door; together they drove off to attend Midnight Mass.

Father Luigi, as was customary, was standing in the vestibule greeting his parishioners and friends as they walked into church. Suddenly, he saw the governor's car. He was startled; he could not quite understand it. Here was hard-boiled Albert P. Stewart helping an elderly woman out of his automobile. Generally, the woman was a young blonde or brunette. Father Luigi's heart lifted at the thought of Stewart attending Mass.

The friends of long standing had not seen each other for some time, ever since Father Luigi had last admonished him.

"Good evening, Your Excellency," he said as he greeted the governor.

"Good evening, Father. Indeed, a cold night, isn't it?" he replied and went on with a placid smile on his face, "Yes, Governor, it may be cold outside, but it is certainly warm inside. By the way, I see you have a guest."

"Why, I already know the dear lady. She is one of my newest parishioners. But, indeed, I am most happy that you brought her with you, Governor," Father explained.

"The Governor was kind enough to buy two of my Christmas trees and also to save me a long walk to Mass, Father," she said to the priest.

The bells of the church rang out in the silent night; and, within the church, the organ began to play and the voices of the choir filled the air. An aura of reverence, peace and tranquility radiated from the faces of the parishioners. The world might be cold outdoors but within the little house of worship there was a warmth of love. Father Luigi took the governor and his guest to the front pew. Then he left to prepare for the celebration.

People prayed, the choir sang as Father Luigi walked before the altar to begin Midnight Mass in St. Francis of Assisi's Roman Catholic Church.

Some of the parishioners were not surprised to see the governor, since they had seen him upon other occasions. They also knew that Father Luigi was Prison Chaplain as well as the governor's personal friend. It seemed perfectly natural his attending Mass at Father's Church. But they did not know who the frail woman was accompanying the Chief Executive. She could not be his mother, since he was known to have none; and the refined looking lady was too old to be considered a marriage prospect, or even a lady friend for the governor. He had quite a reputation for being a ladies' man, but he would not bring a flirtation into the Church. Soon, however, all attention was focused upon the Mass. In his message to the people on this Christmas morn, Father Luigi, after extending his holiday greetings, told of how each of us should live to make others happy by following the example of the First Holy Family.

Countess Zvonar listened attentively and thought of how different was the government in this great land of America compared with that in her own native country. Here, she

was a humble, Christmas-tree seller escorted to Church on Christmas Eve by the governor of the state.

Father Luigi continued. "While we honor our officials by special attention and courtesy, in the eyes of God the highest of citizens as well as the humblest are all equal—all are children of God. Let us remember that on Christmas morn, nearly two thousand years ago, kings and shepherds alike came together just as tonight we have joined here with one another to pay homage to God and the Christ Child in the manger." He pointed towards the replica of the Holy Crib at the side altar.

The Countess was thinking also of her hard life. She had come across the Atlantic Ocean to America. Here, she encountered the same difficulties in earning a living. The Countess came with little in her pockets, no relatives or friends, and a faint understanding of the English language. Such a woman who had borne three children, had lived a life of luxury, had once been married to a handsome husband who adored her, thereby had to begin again a new life of misery and poverty. She had thought when she saw the Statue of Liberty that it was the end of her turbulent past. However, human beings here were no different, generally, from many the world over. Now they existed solely to please themselves. She found a cheap room in the slum area of the large city. Having sought work as a charwoman, she secured a position in one of the large office buildings in the heart of town. From Countess in Russia to a scrub woman in America—that was her story but her personal courage did not falter. This remarkable individual had an abiding faith in God! If it were His will, she would surmount all the difficulties placed in her way. The gracious lady retained some of her famous beauty and was still trim and neat. As the lights of the church shone upon her, one could see,

however, those lines of tiredness and despair which marked her gentle face.

As Countess Helena sat in her room, or as she prayed in church, she often wondered what had become of her three long-sought sons. Where were they? What had they done with their lives? Just to have them around her now that she was growing older would mean so much; it would make life so much easier. To beg for charity, scrub floors or perhaps have to go to a welfare agency for assistance would surely not be her final lot was her belief since those worthy offspring of hers would not permit it.

This was the story of a woman whose high position in life was long past. Here was a lady who had never done menial work who was suffering hardships with haunting memories. The Countess now only dreamed of the day when she would meet her three sons in eternity. The noble woman neither had seen nor heard of them since that fatal night long ago when they had been sped out of Russia so as to escape death at the hands of the Bolsheviks.

Countess Helena reconciled herself to her way of life, turning to God and His Church for consolation. She was a true Christian, who believed the day would come when God would reward her, if not on earth, then in the hereafter. But, naturally, the anxious mother longed to see her children.

Her greatest source of comfort grew to be Father Luigi, the parish priest. His manner of approach, as well as his way of speaking, made him a source of closeness to many of his parishioners. Oftentimes she felt that, had it not been for him, her life would have been completely empty and without purpose. Hers was a heavy heart.

Her Christmas in the New World was different. The Countess had experienced new and strange happenings.

People went back and forth buying gifts and foodstuff. Holly and Christmas ornaments adorned windows and doors of homes throughout the area. The Countess Zvonar resorted to selling Christmas trees upon the corner to bolster her meager income. It was a windy, cold corner and the day was bitter; but she was determined, as always, to sell the last tree. She found the greatest satisfaction in knowing that these trees would make hearts happier and homes prettier on Christmas—the Birthday of Christ the Lord!

Father Luigi had come along, stopped, smiled and spoke. "Madame, how are you?" he asked. "It is good to see you. I hope you will be able to make Midnight Mass. This will be your first Christmas in Arkansas, and I feel certain such a person of your strong faith will be rewarded by God. I predict a year from now that you will truly have a Merry Christmas." Father Luigi knew the woman was a stranger with a past of tremendous unhappiness. The new arrival must be given fresh hope in order to look ahead but he could not tell her that tomorrow's Christmas would be merry. Instead, Father prayed for great and better changes in her future life.

Countess Helena continued to sell trees throughout the day and far into the night. She thought of these things as she sat in the church. Afterwards, each of them had gone about their daily tasks.

For example, many times the priest encouraged his special classes to discuss openly subjects close to his heart. However, he was unsuccessful in putting his political ideas into actual existence. The state was controlled by the vicious political machine which thought more of its perpetuation than the welfare of the people themselves.

As the weather got warmer after the winter months, the Catholic priest was sitting on the church grounds under a large elm tree surrounded by parish youngsters.

"I would love to write my story but the drama of my life is difficult to tell," Father would say. With birds flying about and the hot sun beaming down on his stately figure, Padre Luigi first recited his breviary—daily prayers, as required by his Church. Many joined the lovable and familiar figure there. Rich and poor, youths and adults, all alike came to sit and meditate with the well-known Father Luigi.

"I may be busy," the Roman Catholic priest thought to himself, "but I am going to complete this ambition if it's the last thing I do. I've got to write this book but not for the purpose of making money or winning fame." He felt compelled to complete this task which was one of the very few he had undertaken and never finished. This was unusual for him since he was a determined person; he assumed that he was failing himself in not completing a project he had once intended.

Along came a group of young boys who knew the colorful priest and they rushed to sit with him.

"Hello, Father," they all exclaimed.

"Hello, young men. Where are you all off to?"

"We're planning to go swimming," they went on.

"Well, that's fine. It is certainly a nice, warm day for it," the pastor retorted.

"Father, will you tell us a story before we go to the pool?" one of the youths requested.

"Well, boys, if you want to hear an adventure, I might tell you the tale of my life. I may never be able to put it into print since my duties make it difficult for me to find time to write. The events of my life are numerous and the experiences which I have endured—some sad, some sweet—could well go into the pages of a novel. Long after I am gone, when no one will even come to visit my grave, you boys will be grown men, each taking your place in the world you will remember Father Luigi and the things he told you."

The boys were extremely quiet for a group of youngsters as Father Luigi began. He told how he was born in a vast country, far, far away.

"I was born in Russia."

"In Russia!" exclaimed one.

"Father, you mean you're a Commie?" asked another.

"No, boys. You see, not all Russians are Commies, and when I was born very few of them were. We had a ruler called the Czar. Now, you know that the Lord told us in the Bible that 'He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword.' He also tells us to be brothers, to be kind and good to one another, especially when we are the person who rules over others. But the Czars, most of them, were mean and unkind to the masses. Instead of helping them, they did little good for the people. Those countrymen who were sick and hungry were imprisoned although they were only looking for a chance to live and raise their families properly. Some of them had children like you, of course. The Czars, generally, thought only of themselves, their own pleasures, and good times. I do not remember, but I was told these things. My father and mother were noble people—a Count and Countess."

"You mean he was an actual Count!" chimed in one of the boys.

"Yes," said the Father as he silently gazed into their eyes, "he was a Count."

"Like the Count of Monte Cristo?" asked another youth.

"Well, I wouldn't say like the Count of Monte Cristo, exactly. You see, the Count of Monte Cristo was mythical. Yes, my father was a real officer of the Czar's army," he explained.

"An officer? How come you didn't become a soldier instead of a priest?" asked one of the boys.

"Don't you forget, Bobby, when I became a priest I was

made a soldier of Christ. Oh, I don't have a gun, and I don't wear soldier's clothes, as you see in the Army, but I am in the army of Christ, nevertheless. My weapon is the word of God! I try to carry God's message into your home, and thousands like yours, to give help and comfort where needed. Such is my work—the furtherance of the word of Christ. All you boys have grown to know and like me, I might even say love me for it. Let us continue. Dad was a Count and he didn't like all of these parties and gay goings-on. He realized that sooner or later, it was going to mean a revolution."

"What happened to your family?" asked one of the youngsters.

"I'll tell you. When you go back to school, especially in the higher grades, you will find out about the Romans and the Greeks. These people worked hard to earn recognition; but like many of the human race, they soon became sluggish and indifferent. They decided it was nicer to have parties, feasts and games. Eat, drink and be merry was their life. They weren't concerned about saving their souls, about helping the afflicted, giving alms to the poor, visiting the sick, consoling the bereaved, or caring for the underdog. Yes, in ancient times, too, there were those who did not care for others. Nice boys, like you, had to be healthy and strong, or they were destroyed. Today, physical strength can be obtained with no one being condemned for physical defects."

"Like me, Father," said the good-looking crippled boy Frank, a victim of infantile paralysis.

"Yes, Frankie, like you and all others you know who have been the victims of some dread disease. Today, we can make something of ourselves. But, to get back to my life. Where I came from, my Dad tried to warn the Czar and the nobles of Russia to change their ways of life, be nicer to the poor, and more conciliatory with all the people.

However, one Sunday during a great famine when the people, coming before the palace of the Czar, pleaded for help, his soldiers slaughtered them, like cattle in a pen. It is known in history as 'Red Sunday.' "

"You mean, Father, the Czar had the people killed?" asked one of the boys.

"Yes, lad. The ruler had or at least he was blamed for having his own people massacred, since he would not bother to listen to their requests. In fact, one of them was known as the Iron Czar," Father Luigi continued.

"What happened to your father? Was he killed, too? How come you got away? And what happened to your mother?" These were some of the questions the young people asked, as they became deeply interested in the story of their beloved Father Luigi. They had forgotten about going swimming. But the priest felt it would be better if they relaxed now and went about their play.

"Lads, we'll continue tomorrow. Now, you go on and have a good time, and I'll tell you more of my story tomorrow."

"Good, Father. We'll meet you here at the same place." Happy and laughing, the noisy group went its way. The boys waved good-bye as the priest rose and walked down the walk back to the parish rectory.

The priest went to his study. He was seated when a knock was heard on the door. One of his closest young church workers, John, brought him a letter which had just been delivered.

At the same time, a commotion was heard outside. The priest and John went to investigate. There was a large crowd gathered.

"What is the matter?" Father exclaimed.

The people in the front all tried to speak at once. Finally, the priest saw an aging woman, tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Mrs. O'Dougherty, what is the trouble?"

"My son! My son! Father."

The priest understood at once. He had been reading about the case of State vs. O'Dougherty in the newspapers. In fact, he had once testified on the boy's behalf in court. Patrick O'Dougherty was a youth of twenty-three. His appeal had been rejected by the state's highest Court. He was charged with the murder of a young mother, and now he was to be hanged for the crime. Father Luigi had seen men die before upon the gallows, but this was one execution, in particular, he wished he would not have to witness.

He comforted the woman, as he led her inside the parish house.

"John, quickly get the governor on the telephone," Father instructed. The group moved into the study. The people outside slowly disbanded. They talked among themselves of how Mrs. O'Dougherty, a widow, had worked so hard to raise her children despite adverse conditions. The father had been killed while working on the railroad. Pat, one of two boys, had gotten in with bad company. The poor mother had warned him, but he would not listen. He had even threatened to leave the little apartment. The mother grieved but prayed. Now, she felt that her prayers had surely been in vain. Her face was pale and drawn. Her numerous conferences with lawyers and the parish priest had worn her out. Naturally, lack of knowledge of the legal procedures added to her plight. (She did not realize, of course, that there might still be hope—executive clemency by the governor.)

"Father, I have the governor on the wire," John said.

Taking the receiver, the priest said, "Hello, Governor Stewart. This is Father Luigi. I would like to discuss the O'Dougherty case with you."

The governor, hoping to restore his friendship with the

priest, agreed to see Father Luigi. The priest explained to the mother that the governor had consented to see him tomorrow. He instructed her to go home and rest. Then, he went into the church to pray. He had sent John along with Mrs. O'Dougherty to her apartment, which was now filled with grim, sad-faced neighbors. Throughout the evening, Pat was constantly upon the priest's mind.

At the capital the next day, the priest explained to the chief executive.

"You see, Governor, I have been prison chaplain for a number of years now. I think you must now realize that I know the facts. Men in those institutions are being treated worse than animals. It is as if they were in the Mamertini prison of old. Guards ransack their beds; older criminals force younger ones into acts of sexual abuse; gambling is going on. Why even the guards force some of the inmates to commit immoral acts. The food is horrible, and the punishment for back-talk is solitary confinement. It is so dark in there that when a man comes out, he is nearly blinded upon seeing light."

The hard-boiled governor listened attentively, as the Catholic priest continued.

"I've been giving you these facts for a long time. While you run around making fancy speeches, telling jokes, and smiling, human beings are suffering because of your lack of responsibility. Oh, of course, your predecessors were not any better. No chief executive has yet visited our penal institutions; the press complains because a newspaper reporter could not get in to interview a prisoner who charged he was mistreated. Why, even when you were running for election, whenever your opponent was on the radio the warden would order it shut off."

"Tell me about the O'Dougherty case," asked the governor.

"Wait, I want to finish what I started," said Father.

At this point, the governor became impatient and rose to his feet.

"Now, Father, if you weren't a priest, I'd bodily eject you from my office. Don't you know you are speaking to the governor?"

"Yes, how well I realize that," the priest boldly retorted and firmly continued. "I am a citizen and one of your employees. Forget I am a priest and try some of your rough stuff, and governor or no governor, we'll see how far you'll get."

The governor's temper had reached the boiling point. He struck the priest. The priest was stunned. He called upon every ounce of his will-power and the Holy Spirit in order to control himself. He turned his back to the governor and strode out the door. From the table in the empty ante-chamber he quickly picked up his hat and departed. No one realized what had happened.

As the secretary re-entered the governor's office, she remarked, "Why, Father didn't leave with a smile, the way he generally does!"

"Mrs. Turner, get this letter on its way."

The secretary understood. The governor did not wish to discuss the matter any further. Meanwhile, Joe Halley entered the office. He had been an old political war-horse and follower of the chief executive. The politicians envied Halley, the man with the bulldog face, since he always landed a political "plum" as they called it.

"Governor, there is a group of school children and teachers from Knox County to see you."

"Have the delegation come in, Joe."

The governor, being an astute politician, composed himself and started to greet the youthful delegation. They entered through one door and went out through another.

After he briefly addressed the group, Governor Stewart stood there shaking hands with each one and said a few kind words to some of them. He explained the beautiful pictures on the wall and, in particular, the portrait of Christ which stood on the mantelpiece in his private office, next to the Holy Bible.

"If you do what this good book teaches and what our Lord lived for, you will be all right, regardless of what anyone says. (He was thinking of the moment just past with the priest.)

"Give the children, our future citizens and voters, my picture, Joe," he suggested to his aide as he glanced about.

Later that day, the governor took a solitary evening walk. He was thinking of the terrible discourtesy which he had displayed towards Father Luigi. Time and his conscience were working on him.

The state capitol was picturesque. Blended with the colorful traditions and characteristics of the South, the city was built and preserved in pleasing style. Its streets were well-paved and its buildings consisted largely of red bricks. The evening was pleasant and the chief executive's routine evening walk was no longer a novelty to the town-citizens. This undertaking, together with many other supposedly human traits, made the governor a favorite in the eyes of the local folks. They admired his "common touch," and such an attribute paid off. He got their votes on Election Day. As he walked through Washington Square, he nodded to people as they moved along; children would run up to him seeking his autograph. He would oblige with his picture, which he carried in sufficient number. To the men, he handed matchbook covers containing his picture, naturally.

Daily he carried on his good-will campaign. Of course, his political enemies criticized him. It was said by the opposition, "It was not dignified for a governor to act like

a clown." But, as long as it got him elected, Stewart did not care what they called him. He also did much unknown charity work, which included personally bringing baskets of food to local orphanages, sending flowers to the hospitals, and even visiting and taking gifts to the cloistered nuns. Later, too, many of his political enemies and critics joined him in "deals."

He continued his walk down Main Street, gazing at some of the window displays, then he turned left on Grant Avenue, at the corner of Cedar Street, to St. Francis of Assisi's Catholic Church. For a moment he considered going in. He could not help but hear the organ music for the evening services were now in progress.

"I feel as if someone were pushing me inside," he thought. As he was about to move into the church, he could see Father Luigi lifting the gold shining Monstrance at Benediction. He stopped for two reasons; one, out of reverence for the Blessed Sacrament, and the other, because of remorse and shame when he saw the good priest, his long-faithful and well-meaning friend, whom he had ignored and abandoned.

"No, no, I can't face Father," he muttered to himself.

Turning away, more troubled than when he left the State House, the governor began to realize how rotten was the game of politics which he had played; it turned him into a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and there seemed to be little he could do about it. He had become a hypocrite over the years; it seemed now as if he were in a permanent mental rut.

Late that evening, after services, a knock came to the rectory door. Brother Ferdinando, an elderly, good-natured, stout monk, the rectory attendant, was still up. He went to answer.

"Quick, Mrs. O'Dougherty is ill. Please call Father Luigi!" the excited caller requested.

Hurriedly, the priest donned his cossock and sacred stole and entered the church to get the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Oils.

Brother Ferdinando led with a lighted candle, as they made their way through the streets to the dirty, dingy tenement house. The footsteps of the two men resounded throughout the building; the loose bannister railings made one almost fearful to place one's hand upon it lest it collapse.

As they reached the third floor landing, a door to one of the apartments opened, revealing a neat little room crowded with standing, worried neighbors. The people bowed their heads reverently as the priest entered with the covered ciborium. He went directly into the bedroom where a doctor was in attendance. The physician raised his eyes and murmured, "Very sick," and quietly left. Mrs. O'Dougherty was almost unconscious.

The priest comforted her. Everyone felt deeply the sorrow of this gallant little woman.

Father spoke to them. "Friends, Cornelia, the Roman mother, showed the world her precious jewels—her two sons. This good woman feels the same way about her sons. She will rise and fight for her boys."

"Father, please see to it that Pat doesn't learn of mother's illness," requested the younger brother. "He has enough to think about as it is."

"Son," said the priest, "we will say nothing. You are correct. I will do my best for him. Have faith." Padre Luigi affectionately placed his arm around the sad youth. The priest hurriedly left the little apartment lest the people see the tears brimming in his eyes, too.

The next day, bright and early, Father Luigi was at the

Executive Mansion waiting to see the governor. Nervously, he paced up and down the floor. If he had his way, after the incident a few days ago, he would never have faced Albert P. Stewart again, but he knew that Governor Stewart was the only man who could save Patrick from the gallows. He realized how bold and arrogant the governor was. If only his heart could be softened; if only he felt some regret for what he had done to him, not as an individual but as a priest, he might give in.

In a few minutes, the secretary appeared and announced him.

"Thank you, Mrs. Turner," he said, as he entered the Governor's inner office.

"Well, Father, what brings you here so bright and early?" Stewart asked.

"The O'Dougherty case," replied the priest.

"Oh, yes. I told you by phone that I would consider that matter for you. There is no hurry," the governor responded.

"Oh, yes there is, Governor. It is I who sits in the cells and listens to the pleas of those unfortunate mortals who occupy Death Row. You are here in a beautiful office with colorful gardens below. They have no soft chairs from which they can gaze at beautiful works of art. These human beings, beasts as far as you are concerned, live in dingy, filthy, narrow, damp cells; insects run about and keep them company; they eat garbage for food and wait for the time when you are good and ready to decide to spare them or not. You are God, insofar as they are concerned, but you don't care. No, you do not stop to think that over there men have been waiting for years for the cell door to open for the last time. You are too busy with political matters, affairs of state, and, since the work involved is so difficult, you must take frequent vacations on your state-provided

yacht. That is the picture, as I see it. Do you want to do it, or don't you?" Father pointedly asked.

"I don't know," replied the governor.

"Only last week, you came out in the press and denied the last real bulwark of freedom in this county. Newspapermen have no public right to attend Parole Commission meetings of the Board of Correction. You stand by and agree with the thugs serving on these Boards. They are right and the press is wrong, so you also think apparently. If everything is running according to schedule, why should you hesitate in having the press find out what is going on? They are public boards, aren't they?" the priest asked, and then continued, "The public is entitled to know. These proceedings are beginning to remind me more and more each day of a dictatorship or a totalitarian regime. Wake up, for God's sake, man! Wake up! Yesterday, you came out and said that you don't need a search warrant any more to bring a man up before the law. Where do you get all these ideas? Why don't you read the Declaration of Rights of your own State Constitution? You're the governor. I wouldn't be surprised if some sly, sneaky, little cheap politician made such statements, but you, the governor, a man who went to law school, won honors, were the one who fought for the rights of the people when you were a youngster. Too, you worked hard for your party, Governor Stewart," Father added.

"Well, yes," he interrupted.

"And the governor, at that time, was supposed to have been your political 'godfather.' Surely, you thought he was acting in good faith. He would send you out to speak for him; and, naturally, you thought everything was fine. He told you that you would some day qualify for public office yourself. In fact, he assured you if he were elected to an executive post again you would be his 'right arm.' Well,

were you? No. You were a fool. He used you. What has happened to you with all your lofty and high ideas now that you are the governor? You're in the driver's seat; now you are the boss. You're quick to down and condemn others for all their wrong-doings to you, and yet within the time in which you have taken over the reins, what have you done? You subscribe to the very same things and resort to like tactics. Don't you realize that your predecessors were rejected because they lived by this rule?" Father Luigi made inquiry of his silent listener and continued:

"You think might is right. But, remember, the pen is mightier than the sword, the tongue cuts deeper than the sharpest razor. Don't you realize what people are saying about you? You gave out political appointments merely because the recipients contributed heavily to your political campaign. The appointments you've made as magistrates are disgracing you daily. They do not have the welfare of the people and the good name of your administration at heart. Most of them are solely interested in only how much they can make through graft and how long they can remain in office. Can you not understand these things?" the zealous priest earnestly wanted to know from his friend Stewart.

"Well, Father, you've said it and I have listened attentively to your sermon," Stewart commented and continued: "To answer you, for example, on capital punishment . . . well, the last man whom I saved from the gallows was a Colored fellow named Joshua Davis Brown. Yet, I still haven't lived it down. They (*meaning his critics*) think I'm a nigger-lover. Certain ones are condemning me for it from all sides. So, what can I do when a group of Negro leaders, including churchmen like yourself, come to me for help?" the governor apologetically explained.

"I know, Governor. You couldn't turn them down. They

wanted to save that youth who was unfortunately convicted and sentenced to die," Father Luigi replied, and further said, "and as for Joshua Davis Brown, whom you saved from the gallows, aren't you satisfied in your own conscience, since that man could have been framed? There was no positive evidence that he killed and committed the murder. The evidence was all circumstantial. What do you care about what the critics say? It's high time you started caring about your own salvation, as God looks down upon you—and it is He who really counts. The trouble with you is that you're concerned so much about those few who surround you that you have lost touch with your people, yourself, and the Heavenly Creator."

"Well, Father, I suppose you want me to let this boy off, do you not? Merely, because he was a nice boy and you knew him when he was a kid, I am to spare him. You were the parish priest and his poor mother comes to your church."

"Yes, Governor, the poor mother does come to my church, and she is a fine woman, indeed. She had a stroke last night and is gravely ill. Governor, I realize that it was only three weeks ago when you spared the Negro boy from death and you have not heard the last of it. I know you've been condemned because of the appointment of certain Jewish boys, for example, to positions of trust. Now, you're afraid that your opponents are going to say that you are trying to save an Irish Catholic lad from the gallows. Well, Albert, for the love of God and for your own conscience I beg of you to do just that."

"Father, what can I say? Three men sitting on the court have found him guilty," Stewart sincerely explained.

"Yes, I know. They found him guilty. But don't you realize that the case was upset by the higher court's ruling?" the clergyman responded like an advocate.

"There was a new trial, and despite new evidence produced, he was found guilty just the same," said the chief executive.

"But the boy is innocent," Father emphatically said.

"Father, you don't seem to realize the position I'm in. In the case of the colored boy, there was some feeling, perhaps, that the young couple he killed out on that lonely road should not have been there during such a late hour of night; they supposedly brought death upon themselves. But, here, we have a decent woman who went to the bank and disappeared. The pocketbook was found near the boy's house and he was reported to have been seen with her before. Now, there was nothing to show the woman was of loose character or did anything improper," the governor explained.

"Look, Governor, I'm not here to talk against a person who, unfortunately, is not here to defend herself. I am pleading for the life of a youth whom I know; if you but just spare him from the gallows, time will prove him right," the priest humbly requested.

"I'll grant you, Father, from what I have heard of the case, he seems as if he had had a pretty rough time of it. It is a shame, indeed, his poor mother has had to suffer such a terrible grief. However, honestly, I cannot do anything. He was found guilty by a competent court of law."

"Yes, yes, Governor, a competent court of law. You know those men could not take it upon themselves to do otherwise. They had made a mistake the first time by allowing certain improper evidence into the case. Afterwards, the astute court felt it beneath its dignity to admit their error. Oh, sure, the high tribunal gave a break. But what kind? The fact that there were three different judges in the new trial did not alter the situation. They were colleagues of the first; they are some of the cronies you

have appointed. More than a few of them are over-paid and under-worked," the priest explained.

"Now, wait a minute, Father. Are you here to get something or to insult me again?" Stewart angrily interposed.

"I am here to help this poor boy. After what you did the other day, I shouldn't even be speaking to you, but my oath is far superior to your own. I must serve both God and man and am trying to do the best I know how. All you have is to serve man. Still, I pray for you all the time. You must search deeply into your conscience and be guided accordingly by your Maker," the priest sternly addressed himself to Stewart, looking him straight into his eyes.

"I understand, Father. I will see what I can do. See me tomorrow at eleven," the governor more calmly answered.

"Thank you, Governor. Good-day," the priest replied and firmly walked out from the Executive Office without further comment.

The next morning, the scene took place again in Stewart's office. Father Luigi arrived with the sick woman, who was to plead for the life of her son. Little did the dear lady realize that had she been before the governor when he was a young lawyer she would have found instead a man with a compassionate heart. He would have been open to the emotions, feelings and sacrifices of a troubled mother. But now Stewart, the governor, was a changed man. The ramifications of politics had changed him from a considerate, idealistic man into a selfish and materialistic being. Stewart would do things for people provided he got something in return. If he saw the possibility of personal gain, he would then consider acting favorably. Now, knocking at his door was a poor woman from the slums who could offer him nothing. She was a pathetic woman who was attempting to save the life of her son from the gallows. Executions

were state affairs which Stewart did not care to interfere with. Since he would sign death warrants as readily as ordinary letters, he was far from the type of a "commuting governor."

The door opened! Together the woman and the priest were ushered in. The governor was courteous and polite. He arose out of respect to the woman who had just entered his office.

"Have a seat," he said, as he pointed to a chair near his desk. "Father, sit right here," he told the priest, indicating another seat close by.

Soon the woman, who tried desperately to hold back her tears, began to cry. Stewart's sixteen years' reign as governor of the state had hardened him to such episodes. He listened attentively, but superficially, as the anxious and suffering mother sought aid and comfort for her doomed loved one. In her broken English, with an Irish brogue, the woman said, "Your Excellency, faith and begorra, you must help me. My boy is innocent. He is innocent, I tell you. I took him as a wee lad and know he could not have done this terrible act. You must believe me!"

The governor listened. He arose and looked out the window, then he turned his attention to the conversation. He said, "My dear madam, I am the governor of the state, and, as chief executive, I have certain obligations to meet under the law. In our state, we have the penalty of death for those who are convicted of the crime of murder. Your son was given a fair trial. He had his day in court with his own witnesses and lawyers. The judges believed he was guilty. Now, you come before me and you want me to set aside the decision of those men, whose ruling was quite in order, quite in order, indeed," he repeated, as he pondered his next words. Stewart thought to himself—whatever I do now means a great deal. Soon, he would be running and,

if re-elected, stood a good chance of being nominated for vice-president. He turned to the woman and said:

"Since you are here pleading for your son, I think it is only fair that I should give you the reasons why I must say 'Yes' or 'No.' About three months ago, I spared a colored boy from death and I have yet to live down the criticism of both the press and those who say I am a 'nigger-lover.' Well, I am going to get a lot of persons voting for me, that is, a lot of colored folks, but there will be a lot of white people who'll hate me for it and get even with me at the polls. Now, if I let your boy go, I'll have criticism there, too. You see, my dear woman, when I started the practice of law I never believed in capital punishment; I pleaded with all my energy to save men from death, since I believed that one's life on earth is but a brief stay and, within a short time each one of us leaves this world. But the people think differently. They believe 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth' is the right philosophy. Many people, psychologically, are blood-thirsty. They want to see blood flow. Have you ever seen people flocking to an accident? They get a certain pleasure in seeing a person's leg cut off or seeing someone bleeding to death. Others get a certain pleasure out of watching a savage and brutal fight. Some people love to see other people beating each other up. They stand around intently observing and gaze upon bloodshed with pleasure. Yes, some people care for the flesh more than they do for the soul and that's why we have statutes on the books, which they say justifies the state to turn around in cold blood and take the life of a boy like your son. They can convict and condemn him for taking the life of another person. We turn right around in black judicial robes, under the fiction of law, and say that we have the right to do so. You see, my dear lady, I do not want to make you cry or feel bad, but I know

exactly what it is to walk down death row, to go into the gallows room, and come out of there with perspiration running down your body. You feel guilty—as if you were an accomplice to something wicked. It is a bad feeling indeed, a terrible thing!"

The governor kept to himself the thought of seeing a person strangle to death. He recalled the last time when the rope did not snap properly; the unfortunate accused's yells could be heard throughout the penitentiary. The physician had to administer morphine in order to deaden the pain and make him quiet, so as not to upset the other inmates in the prison.

"Mother, if I let your boy live, it means that I am going to be defeated for governor. I have such a premonition. I do not know why. Perhaps, because I am getting older. It's beginning to bother me now. Yes, laws have to be carried out, do you not understand?" he said.

"Had I been more liberal in these matters some few years ago, when I took the seat of governor, there might not be much room for criticism. However, now I have changed and, all of a sudden, I am showing mercy, but I feel I will be the subject of severe criticism again. Only three months ago I helped one such boy. My dear, your appearance here together with Father Luigi is understood. I remember one fundamental thing, which I learned back in law school, the defendant who is accused must always be given the benefit of any reasonable doubt. A man being innocent until proven guilty is a basic concept of our criminal law, and, I believe, we have got to return to sound constitutionalism if we are to have enduring free government. I realize citizens should play important roles in the affairs of government. They should not be subjected to all kinds of regulations, regimentation, as well as being threatened. I remember that the Greek philosopher Aristotle

said a man should respect law not because he fears it but rather since he respects it. And, I am going to live up to the law and to my conscience! When your son's case came back from the Court of Appeals granting a new trial, after three men sentenced your boy, there must be something wrong. When a reversal comes from the highest court in the state, and still later a man is proven guilty and given the maximum sentence, surely there must have been some doubt in the minds of the higher court judges to make them reverse the first decision of the lower court. On such basis, my dear lady, I am going to spare your son from the penalty of death," Stewart concluded and announced to his two anxiously awaiting listeners.

The poor woman was bewildered. While she followed the thoughts of the governor, she grasped at many words but could not, naturally, understand all of them; however, she could read his facial expressions and see deep into his eyes. The pathetic mother realized he had spared her son from the gallows. Ma Kate fell to her knees, kissed his hand, and fainted from the emotional strain. The priest had tears in his eyes, too. He went to help her back to her seat.

The governor rose to get some water. He buzzed for his secretary to bring both Father Luigi and Mrs. O'Dougherty a drink, also. The secretary entered and helped place the exhausted woman back into her chair, opened the window so that she could get some air, and tried to revive her in order that she might be on her way.

"Well, Father, I guess I'll take the rest of the day off," the governor remarked.

"Stewart, I never knew it was in you. God bless you!" Father Luigi earnestly answered.

Both men of learning, perhaps, may well have thought of the famous historical personage Marchese Di Cesare Bonesana Beccaria during that dramatic moment. The great

penal reformer had said, "If I can be but the instrument of preserving one life, his blessings and tears shall be sufficient consolation to me for the contempt of mankind."

"Padre, every politician is not a bum and every bum politician, like every sinner, can become better and even clean. By the way, I am giving our friend Hildebrandt an unconditional pardon as well as restitution," Stewart went on.

Then the governor walked out of his chambers. As the woman was revived, the priest helped her from the room.

EPILOGUE

Part IV

The election came that year and the governor was defeated. Many people felt it was because he had freed the O'Dougherty boy and the Negro youth within such a short period of time. But most of them did not know the strange circumstances which had followed in the wake of Pat O'Dougherty's reprieve.

Despite his political set-back, Stewart, returning as a fighting lawyer, triumphantly established O'Dougherty's innocence. During the course of his efforts to clear the young man, he received a telephone call to visit his ailing former aide, Joe Halley. The long-time political associate was in Becker Memorial Hospital nearing death, having suffered a serious heart attack. When he saw his "Chief," he was pleased, naturally, and revealed a faint smile. After Stewart had expressed words of greeting, Joe's face became grim as he started to talk.

"Governor," as he still called him, "I must get something off my mind, as I feel the end is near."

Joe continued, "This morning Father Luigi brought me Holy Communion. Of course, I still think I am unworthy

to receive the Blessed Sacrament, but Father said it was all right. Some time ago, I had confessed to him the terrible thing which I did. My lust and evilness caused me to murder the girl that Pat O'Dougherty was convicted of killing."

Then he broke into tears and went on, "And to make matters worse, I planted evidence against him; I placed the pocketbook near his home. He had every right to see her, since she was a friend of his sister. They visited each other. Governor, I let you down."

Stewart could not believe what he had heard. "You mean to say that you stood by while an innocent man could have gone to his death and you so close to sparing him?" the former chief executive angrily asked the venomous but confessing man.

Now he realized, he thought to himself, why Father Luigi was so adamant and zealous in saving Pat O'Dougherty. It was not just a priestly and humanitarian gesture but a true desire for justice.

Father had known from way back, through confession, of the hideous crime but was prevented from divulging and doing anything about it. The bans of his Church would not permit otherwise.

Mrs. O'Dougherty had become friendly with the little woman who sold Christmas trees, the same woman who had been the Countess Zvonar. Of course, the Countess had been overjoyed when she learned that her friend's son had been freed and she was even happier when she received an invitation to a celebration that the little old Irish woman was giving in honor of the former governor.

The day of the celebration arrived, and all the guests gathered in the vestry of the church. Father Luigi said the opening prayer, and still referred to Governor Stewart, who made a short speech. Pat O'Dougherty sat with his mother, who alternately laughed and cried in gladness.

The unknown Countess was escorted up to the head of the table as Mrs. O'Dougherty greeted her with open arms.

"Oh, faith of my fathers, my dear friend. Please, I want you to meet my son Patrick," the Irish lady said.

The Countess extended her hand and Patrick reached for it. She looked down and a cry escaped from her lips. She grabbed Pat's hand and cried, "That ring, that ring . . . where did you get that ring?" she asked emotionally.

Patrick bewilderingly stared at the ring on his finger which was supposedly given to him by his real mother who had died many years before. She was said to have placed the ring around the infant's neck upon a silver chain. The ring bore the crest of the Zvonar family. The Countess swooned as the benevolent priest and Stewart ran to her aid. Of course, Pat knew nothing of the historical facts surrounding the piece of jewelry on his person.

The Countess muttered incoherently, "Alexei, Alexei."

She opened her eyes and looked at the three men who stood about her: the priest, the former governor and the erstwhile convict who was now fully clear of any wrong. She turned to Patrick and spoke.

"That ring belonged to my family. It is my husband's mother's ring and her mother's before her. I gave it to my youngest son before we were separated during the Revolution. I am the Countess Zvonar," she further added.

Patrick looked up at Mrs. O'Dougherty.

"What does this mean, mama?" he asked with more wonder.

Kat O'Dougherty, as she was affectionately called, sighed and said in her typical Irish brogue, "It is true, Pat. I am not your real mother. I raised you as my son, but you are really a Zvonar. You see, when you were an infant, a Mr. John F. Brady entrusted you to me. I was his housekeeper. He had brought you to this country and, having

much faith in me, he told me, as he was lying upon his death-bed, that you were of royal blood. Oh, for the faith of me, God above forgive me for not telling you before, son," she concluded, as she tearfully embraced him. He kissed the Irish woman he had so long known as his mother.

Stewart, too, began to weep. "But, dear madam, you are then my mother, too, for my name is not Stewart. It is really Zvonar. I came to America—land of opportunity—to seek my fortune and make my mark in the world. I changed my name when I first arrived here, after being graduated from Oxford University in England, so that it would not hinder me politically, but I am truly a Zvonar—the son of Count Alexander and Countess Helena."

Stewart embraced the Countess and they wept together, as he displayed a concealed tiny gold watch and opened it to show the family crest within.

Kind, indeed, was the Power that had arranged this poignant meeting, but the greatest surprise was yet to come. Father Luigi took a medal from his vestments and pressed it into the hand of the Countess, who recognized the insignia on its face at once and then looked up at the virtuous priest.

"You are my eldest son, my Anatol?" she exclaimed hesitantly. Father Luigi bowed his head.

"I am Anatol, now called Father Luigi." The priest reverently kissed the old woman whose joy was so great. The three men looked at one another. Moments ago they had merely been drawn together by circumstances; now they were united as brothers. Such are the wonders that are wrought by a loving and compassionate God who looks upon all men as His children. They embraced each other as tears moistened their faces and happiness filled their hearts.

In the years that followed, Stewart returned to politics—a changed man. His honesty was never questioned. He

worked for the people and with the people. He led the fight to establish better prison conditions; he saw to it that the poor were treated like the rich. In the next election, he again won the governorship, only this time he won by a popular vote. He did not have to pay for his victory. His was a new and wonderful horizon. Stewart's once known star-chamber methods were replaced with attitudes of consideration and understanding.

Father Luigi continued his work. He still planned to write his book but he was too busy living his life to write it. However, he always remained lenient and compassionate about human problems, especially those involving personal misery.

Patrick O'Dougherty started to work in the bank and in the years that followed he rose in position, until one day he became the bank's vice-president. Although the Countess passed away before her youngest son's greatest triumph, she did live to see all her sons united. Her final years were spent in complete contentment. When she died, many years after the reunion, the Countess left behind three sons who were a living monument to the ideals and principles that had been expressed by their father—Count Alexander Zvonar.

"Faith, Hope and Charity" were the principles they lived by. The Countess' beloved husband had not died in vain. At least, his purpose was fulfilled in the new World by his very own.

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Drama

Faith, Hope, and Charity

Original story and screenplay by Louis R. Milio

FADE IN:

1 INT. OFFICE - LATE DAY - MEDIUM SHOT - FATHER LUIGI, FATHER ANTONIO

FATHER ANTONIO is quite old, probably in his seventies. He sits at a small old desk in a dimly lit small office which looks like it is tucked away in an old stone building. FATHER LUIGI is young, about twenty-seven or so. He is tall and dark haired and good looking and wears the robes of a young priest.

FATHER ANTONIO
So, your assignment has been settled and you will leave us.

FATHER LUIGI
(Smiles)
I know it sounds ungrateful, but I am anxious to start for American and my new work.

FATHER ANTONIO
No, not ungrateful...that is why you were trained, that is why you studied English for so long. Now, your work has been revealed to you and you must go.

2

WARDEN HOWARD

(Smiles)
The Governor of a state has things to do, Father, besides visiting a bunch of no good convicts.

FATHER LUIGI

(Sighs)
I see.

WARDEN HOWARD

Now, if you'd like, I'll show you the rest of this place.

FATHER LUIGI

Yes, I would like to see the rest.

FATHER LUIGI looks around the office, none too pleased and goes out, followed by the Warden.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

3 WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT - WARDEN HOWARD, FATHER LUIGI

WARDEN HOWARD looks drunk and FATHER LUIGI looks very angry over something.

WARDEN

The guards said you wanted to see me...what's it all about?

FATHER LUIGI

About this prison generally...I find it disgusting.

WARDEN

(Smiles)
That suits me just fine..maybe you'd better leave it then.

WARDEN

(Laughs)
Yeah, you just go and do that little thing...you just go and tell the nice Governor how bad you find us here.

FATHER LUIGI turns and leaves the WARDEN laughing hard at his own joke and FATHER LUIGI goes out of the room.

CUT TO:

4 INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT - FATHER LUIGI - GOVERNOR STEWART

GOVERNOR STEWART is not very much older than FATHER LUIGI. FATHER LUIGI is now in his early thirties approximately. GOVERNOR STEWART is a big man, husky looking and very handsome. His office is appreciately ornated for the Governor's office. They sit facing each other.

GOVERNOR STEWART

I've been waiting for this visit, Father.

FATHER LUIGI

I can hardly believe that, Governor.

STEWART

Why? Because of your constant criticism of my actions as Governor? On the contrary I was anxious to meet the one man, who above all others, has been so vocal about my handling of state-affairs.

FATHER LUIGI

Then, you must know why I came today?

STEWART

I presume it has something to do with the prison system. I warn you in advance that there is very little to be changed there.

FATHER LUIGI

And, placed in the service of the Church and have come here to continue that Service. You, Governor Stewart, are impeding me from reaching my goal!

GOVERNOR

And, I shall continue to run this state the way I see fit, running it by my own decisions.

FATHER LUIGI

(Rises)

Then I can only promise you that I shall serve as your opposition in a State which is remarkable for its lack of opposition to your needless and selfish style of Government.

GOVERNOR

I believe we have said everything that needs saying.

FATHER LUIGI

We'll meet again, I'm sure and very soon.

GOVERNOR

I'm afraid I can promise you only more of the same discussion that we had today.

FATHER LUIGI

And, I can promise you the same. Good day, Governor.

CUT TO:

5 INT. OFFICE - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT - GOVERNOR, JOE HALLEY

JOE HALLEY is about thirty, tall and good looking but without much depth. He is slick and smart looking. He stands near the Governor's desk.

JOE

Look, don't let that little "do-gooder" get to you. He's always around stirring up trouble. I think we could get him transferred if we wanted to.

GOVERNOR

Do you? Do you really?

JOE

Hey, what's with you today anyway? Yes, I did say that, I think we could get him transferred.

GOVERNOR

And then what? You think he would leave us alone? Don't be a fool, Joe.

JOE

OK, OK, it was only a suggestion. That's why I'm paid, isn't it? To make suggestions?

GOVERNOR

Yes, I guess so, sometimes I wonder but that is WHY you're here, to make suggestions.

JOE

Well, then, don't jump down my throat every time I say something.

GOVERNOR

(Very controlled)
Joe...go make a bet on a horse race or something, will you, and leave me alone?

JOE

(Offended)
Sure...anything you say...Albert.

GOVERNOR looks at him angrily but doesn't say anything. JOE leaves the office with a deliberate snapping of his fingers. GOVERNOR STEWART shakes his head sadly after him.

FADE OUT:

6

ROSE

There you are...see you're getting yourself all worked up and you won't be eating a thing as usual.

FATHER LUIGI

Sometimes, Rose...sometimes I get so angry I don't know what I'll do.

ROSE

Well, calm yourself and try and eat something. I'm sure Mrs. O'Dougherty will be coming to see you, Father. I ran into her in the market yesterday. That was before the verdict was in. She was still hoping, the poor soul.

FATHER LUIGI

If she does come, I want to see her. Maybe I'll just make this the start of an open campaign against him.

ROSE

Him...who is HIM?

FATHER LUIGI

Governor Stewart...he's going to find out that I'm not going to let him run this State the way it has been...a lack of moral attitudes right down the line. He's going to KNOW that I've been here.

ROSE

(Slight smile)
Oh, Father, he already knows that.

CUT TO:

7

FATHER LUIGI

What? I didn't know that.

MRS. O'DOUGHERTY

No one does, including Patrick. You mustn't tell him, Father. I took him when he was a mere babe and raised him as my own

FATHER LUIGI

But from whom...I mean where did you get him?

MRS. O'DOUGHERTY

Oh, I didn't TAKE him, you know. Someone placed him with me, we never KNEW who his real people was and I wasn't about to inquire. What difference could it make to a wee small baby, he needed care and love and he got that from us.

FATHER LUIGI

I guess it doesn't matter after all this time, it might have at one time.

MRS. O'DOUGHERTY

You've got to help him, Father. Somehow I feel as though it's my fault he's in this trouble. Maybe something I didn't do right for him.

FATHER LUIGI

Get rid of that kind of thinking right now. It was the unfair trial he had that found him guilty and now threatens to end his life. Not anything you did.

MRS. O'DOUGHERTY

Oh, Father, I cry my eyes out night and day and no good does it do. There's that poor sweet boy in prison.

FATHER LUIGI

Perhaps not for long, Mrs. O'Dougherty.

FADE OUT:

8

GOVERNOR STEWART

Yes, it is, provided there is sufficient reason.

FATHER LUIGI

You can at least save the boy from the death penalty. He's young, not yet thirty and with so much to give someone.

GOVERNOR STEWART

How old are you, Father?

FATHER LUIGI

Thirty-one.

GOVERNOR

And I am thirty-four...all of us not very far apart in age.

FATHER LUIGI

That should make you see his plight more readily than someone whose age would remove him from sympathy.

GOVERNOR
This is an election time, you know that? Executive Clemency has never been popular in election years.

FATHER LUIGI
Would you let your own desires for another term in office allow a young man to be unjustly put to death for a crime he did not commit?

GOVERNOR
I'm going to lose this time, Father. I can feel it in my very flesh. I'm going to lose this election.

FATHER LUIGI
Then free the boy from his sentence of death while you may, Governor.

9 GOVERNOR
(Smiles)
In that case, they're sold!

STEWART takes out some money.

HELENA
Oh, do you really need two of them?

GOVERNOR
(Smiles)
Well, let's just say that I do. Here you are..that should cover both of them.

HELENA
That's too much money, Your Excellency.

GOVERNOR
You recognize me then?

HELENA
Of course, of course, you're our Governor.

GOVERNOR
Well, not for long, but still I am what you say. Perhaps I could give you a lift in my car...I'm going to St. Francis Church to hear Father Luigi, and you?

HELENA
The very same...how convenient.

GOVERNOR
Shall we go, madame?

The GOVERNOR offers his arm smiling and HELENA takes it just as though she were stepping out onto a marble palace ballroom floor.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. CHURCH DOORS - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT - FATHER LUIGI, GOVERNOR STEWART, COUNTESS HELENA

FATHER LUIGI stands in his church doorway greeting the arrivals. GOVERNOR STEWART escorts HELENA up to FATHER LUIGI.

GOVERNOR
Merry Christmas, Father.

FATHER LUIGI
(Smiles)
Welcome, Your Excellency, and I see you have brought someone.

COUNTESS HELENA
Merry Christmas, Father.

FATHER LUIGI
And the Merriest of Christmases to you, Mrs. Smith. And to you, Your Excellency.

GOVERNOR
Shall we go in, madame?

COUNTESS HELENA
Thank you, Your Excellency.

COUNTESS HELENA goes into the small church on the arm of the GOVERNOR with FATHER LUIGI smiling after them and greeting the next people at the door.

CUT TO:

11 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT - STEWART, FATHER LUIGI

A BUTLER is just leaving the room with a tray of drinks. FATHER LUIGI has a small glass of wine and STEWART has his drink.

STEWART
(Raises his glass)
To your good health, Father Luigi.

FATHER LUIGI
And to your new career, MISTER Stewart.

STEWART
(Smiles)
I was right, wasn't I? Lost the election by something nearing a landslide.

STEWART
(Sighs)
Which brings us back once again to the O'Dougherty Case.

FATHER LUIGI

You'll find a way to handle that too, I know.

STEWART

I wish I were as sure as you are. I've been over the court record, and over it and over it, and I can't find a single point on which we could hinge another trial.

FATHER LUIGI

Albert...when a man is not guilty of something, it will come out eventually. He will be freed from his imprisonment.

STEWART

Have you been telling O'Dougherty that? The last time I visited him in prison, you'd think they were letting him out the next day, he was so relaxed.

FATHER LUIGI

He believes as I do.

The BUTLER enters again.

BUTLER

Excuse me, sir, but there is an urgent telephone call for you...It's about Mr. Halley, Sir.

GOVERNOR STEWART gets up and takes the phone in the living room, and the BUTLER goes out of the room.

STEWART

(Into telephone)
This is Albert Stewart speaking.
(Pause)
Yes, I can...right away.
(Pause)
No, not at all, thank you for calling.

STEWART

(Confused)
Wait a minute, wait a minute...what gives here? If you know now, does that mean you've known all along?

JOE

(Sadly)
Yes, all along...I'm sorry, Albert.

STEWART

Why, though, I mean why didn't you tell me this a year ago or more when the whole case came up in the first place?

JOE

I couldn't and, of course, then I didn't know that I was going to die....didn't know that I would be where I am now.

STEWART

Joe, what are you try to tell me for heaven's sake?

JOE

(Quietly)
I killed her, Albert...I killed Mrs. Swanson...Marie.

There is a long moment of stunned silence.

STEWART

Joe...Joe, is this really true?

JOE

(Near tears)
I'm sorry, Albert...it's true!

STEWART
Don't be sorry now, Joe...I just need time...to get used to it.

JOE
There's a confession, Albert...the Nurse and the Doctor witnessed it and now Father Luigi can be another witness to my telling you.

13 FATHER LUIGI
Patrick...LOOK! My ring is exactly the same.

STEWART takes a ring from his pocket.

STEWART
I can't imagine....

HELENA looks as though she might faint.

HELENA
I don't believe it!

STEWART
Someone bring her a chair.

Someone shoves a forward a chair and HELENA is helped into it. STEWART and FATHER LUIGI come around from behind the table to attend to her.

CUT TO:

14 MEDIUM SHOT - HELENA - LUIGI - STEWART

HELENA is trying to collect herself.

STEWART
Mrs. Smith, are you all right?

HELENA

(Smiling)
I am fine, Your Excellency, just fine.

FATHER LUIGI

Are you sure? You gave us a little scare there for a moment.

HELENA

I'm fine, really. Your Excellency, I too have a confession to make to you...I am not Mrs. Smith.

STEWART

What is all this about?

HELENA

I know it seems strange, but we must have all been brought here for a Divine reason and purpose.

STEWART

Father, what do you think?

FATHER LUIGI

(Smiles)
Well...it looks like you and I, Albert...and Patrick...

STEWART

(Laughs)
ARE BROTHERS!

PATRICK

Is this true..can this really be true?

HELENA

The rings prove it, Patrick...oh, my sons...my three sons!

There is much weeping and all the boys try to hug and kiss their mother and everyone has gathered around. COUNTESS HELENA is in her utmost joy and is laughing and crying at the same time which causes MRS. O'DOUGHERTY to start all over again. FATHER LUIGI manages to pull himself from the little group where several people stand at the side. He looks at them and laughs.

FATHER LUIGI
Have you ever seen so much emotion in one place?

They all laugh and the hugging and kissing start over again with the COUNTESS and her three sons.

FADE OUT

THE END

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about the author

LOUIS R. MILIO, author of "Faith, Hope, and Charity," was born September 17, 1924, in Northeast Baltimore where he makes his home and practiced law.

The novelist was educated in public and private schools. He is a graduate of Saint Katherine's Roman Catholic School, Baltimore City College, University of Baltimore, and Western University.

His degrees include an associate in arts, a bachelor of laws, a master of laws and a doctor of laws. He was admitted to both the Federal and Maryland Bar in 1948 and has been actively engaged in the private practice of law.

The Baltimore lawyer is a member of the Baltimore Bar Association, Sigma Delta Kappa Law Fraternity, University of Baltimore Alumni Association, Holy Name Society of Jesus, the Order Sons of Italy in America and various other organizations.

He has authored a series of newspaper articles entitled "Your Heroes and Mine," which appeared in The Guide, a local newspaper. His treatise on labor law "The Real Union's Side of the Taft-Hartley Law" was published in 1947. He was also a contributor to American Pleading and Practice Forms Annotated, a legal work. For his legal research, Dr. Milio was recommended for membership in the Sigma Chapter, Alumni Society of the Hoosier Institute, by the membership committee of Epsilon Delta Chi.

The group is engaged in world-wide educational work and its membership comprises men and women of higher learning, particularly in the fields of literature and writing.

Dr. Milio was admitted to the Supreme Court Bar in 1955. The lawyer-novelist is recognized as an outstanding public speaker. He got his [illegible] through the Hearst Oratorical contest and ranked high as a national win[illegible]

His father, Placido Milio was a former banker and a well known leade[illegible] the Italian-American community. He also was founder and first Gr[illegible] Venerable of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, Order Sons of Italy in Ameri[illegible]

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